

Calling
All
GIRLS

No.3
10¢

Calling All GIRLS

COMICS

First Lady of China
Born to Act
Air Hostess No. 1
Yorktown Younger Set
The Girl Who Raced
with Death

Stories

Never to Be Forgotten
Footprints in the Snow
Mayor Martin's
Daughter

Articles

Music as You Like It
Fun on Ice
Shirley's a Teener
Handmade and
Handsome

Features

EATiquette
Gadgets and Fashions
for Girls
Midwinter Movies
On the Face of It
Candy Recipes



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
who has grown into a smooth sub-
deb. She is the star of the new movie,
The Girl on the Hill, and is also an
Advisory Editor of Calling All Girls.

Susan Says

WHAT'S your favorite magazine?

Louder, please! CALLING ALL GIRLS? Well, pardon me if I seem smug. You know, the Publishers of this magazine have been using me as a sort of guinea pig to pick out stories and stuff that girls will like, so naturally I'm pretty ga-ga about the whole thing. Anyway, it just makes sense, it seems to me, that girls should vote as tops a magazine that's planned with our own interests exclusively in mind; with girl-comics and stories and fashions and good looks and manners and . . . oh, gobs of other special features. Do I make myself clear . . . or must I mention the fact that there's really not a single other magazine like CALLING ALL GIRLS?

But perhaps I am a bit prejudiced. Awful thought! . . . maybe some of you have other ideas! Well, if so, you can write, can't you? This is still a very young magazine, only three issues old, and the Publishers don't feel a bit know-it-all. They'll be glad to hear from you. Just say exactly what you think. If it's good, well, don't you like to hear nice things about yourself once in a while? And if it's not so good, they honestly will be just as glad to hear what's on your mind, because that will help them find out what most pleases the greatest number of girls.

I've had my say . . . now let's have yours!

**Read Our Companion Magazines:
TRUE COMICS and REAL HEROES**

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Is published every other month by
THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, INC.
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Now being published every other month; may
shortly be issued monthly. Subscriptions: 12 issues
for \$1.00. In Canada and foreign countries \$1.20.
Payment for Canadian subscriptions accepted in
Canadian funds. Entered as second class matter
at the Post Office, New York under Act of March
3, 1879. Entered as second class mail at Toronto,
Canada. Title registered U. S. Patent Office.
Copyright 1941 by The Parents' Magazine Press,
Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. I. No. 3. Feb. 1942.

HELEN HAYES
THEATRE OF THE AIR

CANDLE IN THE WIND

VICTORIA REGINA

MARY OF SCOTLAND

TWELFTH NIGHT

SIN UP MADELOU CLAUDET

FAREWELL TO ARMS

BORN TO ACT

Helen Hayes

WHO HAS BEEN CALLED THE GREATEST AND BEST-LOVED ACTRESS OF HER GENERATION.

HELEN HAYES' GREAT-GREAT AUNT SANG IN THE WEST DURING THE GOLD RUSH DAYS OF 1849.



HELEN'S MOTHER WAS STAGE-STRUCK, TOO, BUT GAVE UP AFTER A SEVEN-DAY TRY-OUT.





HELEN DANCES
QUITE WELL
FOR A
FIVE-YEAR-
OLD.

YES,
AND SHE'S
A BORN
ACTRESS.

HELEN'S DEBUT AT HER
DANCING SCHOOL RECITAL...



...FOR I'M
A GIBSON
GIRL...



DEAR,
MR. LEW FIELDS,
THE THEATRICAL
PRODUCER, SAW
YOU AT THE
RECITAL. HE
SAYS YOU WERE
VERY GOOD!

BUT, MOTHER,
IF OUR MONEY
IS ALMOST
GONE, WON'T
WE HAVE TO
GO HOME?

TWO YEARS LATER, HELEN'S
MOTHER TOOK HER TO
NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL
CASTING OFFICES.



SORRY,
WE'VE
NOTHING
FOR YOUR
LITTLE
GIRL.

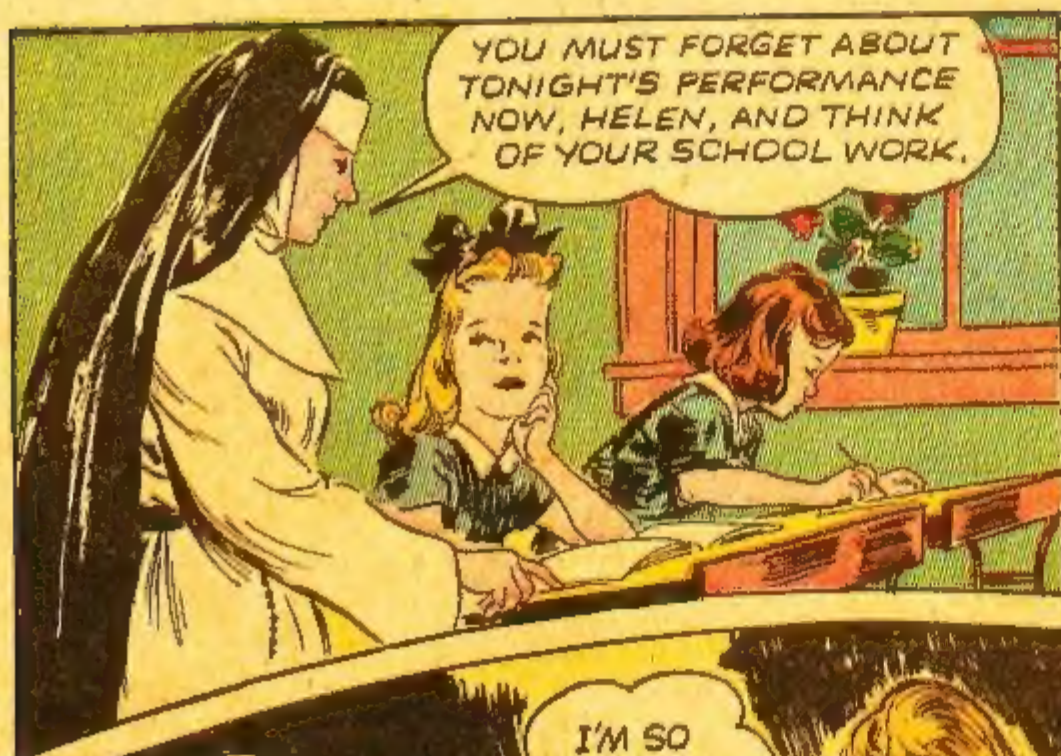


WE HAVE ONE
MORE HOPE,
HELEN!
WE'LL SEE
MR. LEW
FIELDS.



I'LL HIRE HER
AT \$50 A WEEK
TO PLAY
LITTLE MIMI
IN "OLD DUTCH."

OH,
MOTHER!





... AND THAT'S HOW ROMANCE ENTERED HELEN'S LIFE!



THEY WERE MARRIED IN 1928.



HELEN NEVER DID ENJOY WORKING IN THE MOVIES, BUT SHE STARRED IN MANY PICTURES, AND ...



... WAS A GREAT SUCCESS!



HELEN RETURNED TO NEW YORK TO STAR IN "MARY OF SCOTLAND."



IN "VICTORIA REGINA," HELEN PLAYED QUEEN VICTORIA...



DURING THE BROADWAY RUN OF "VICTORIA REGINA," HELEN HAD TO DASH FROM RADIO STUDIO TO THEATRE.

HURRY! MISS HAYES HAS ONLY THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP!



MOTHER, ISN'T IT FUN TO GO SHOPPING ON OUR BICYCLES?

YES, DARLING, AND I'LL NEVER LET STAGE OR RADIO WORK KEEP ME FROM HAVING FUN WITH YOU.



LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CROP THIS YEAR, HERMAN.

YES, MA'M, YOUR FARM IS DOING REAL WELL.



HELEN DIRECTS HER OWN "THEATRE OF THE AIR" ON THE RADIO SUNDAY NIGHTS AND PLAYS THE LEADING ROLES.

LET'S TRY TO GET MORE FEELING IN THAT SCENE.



... AND THAT'S THE SUCCESS STORY OF HELEN HAYES, WIFE, MOTHER AND ACTRESS, WHO HAS BEEN VOTED ONE OF AMERICA'S THREE MOST POPULAR WOMEN.

NEVER to be FORGOTTEN



Some days and dates are so precious that a symbol is not needed to insure remembrance

By MARY BRINKER POST

"Oh, Mom!" cried Sally.
"The most wonderful
thing has happened!"

SALLY went right through to the back of the school bus. She wanted to be by herself for a little while, to keep the lovely warm feeling inside of her from changing, to think about it quietly, to remember every word. But Doris came lurching down the aisle and spotted her.

"Jimmy Beck asked me to the prom," Doris bubbled, collapsing into the seat beside Sally. "Have you been asked yet? I can't decide what to wear. I really want a new formal, but Mother just made that blue taffeta for the Glee Club Song Fest and I've worn it only once. If you get asked I'll lend you my green net.

"Jimmy's a marvelous dancer and just about the best looking boy in school. Except for Ward Hanley," she went on. "I guess you'd say Ward was the best looking and of course he's a big basketball man and student body president. I had no hopes he'd ask me anyway. I'm only a sophomore. No one has any

idea who's going with him. I heard Jane Stevens ask him at noon—she's so nervy. She said, 'Oh, Ward, we girls are all just dying to know who you're taking to the prom.' But do you know what he said?"

"Wh—what did he say?" Sally croaked.

"He said, 'I'm taking the swellest girl in school.' Absolutely! But he wouldn't say another word. Was Janey ever burned up!"

She rattled on and on but Sally, though she laughed and nodded at appropriate times, really didn't hear a single word after that. Her heart, that had stood still the moment Doris spoke the name, was beating like mad. He had said that about her. Little prickly thrills went up and down her spine—but she couldn't bring herself to tell.

She got off at her corner, walked sedately down the avenue with the pleasant white and brown houses on either side. But suddenly the joy was

too much for her; and she ran the last block and stampeded up the steps, burst open the door, and stormed through the shabby genteel room shouting, "Mom! Mom! Where are you?"

Her grandmother, sitting in the rocker by the front window with a pile of mending in her lap, looked up and shook her head.

"Sally, Sally," she scolded, "for heaven's sakes don't go romping through the room like a hoodlum. You're a young lady now."

"Hi, Gram," she called gaily. "Where's Mom?"

"In the kitchen, ironing. What you should be doing, I say."

"Well, gee, Gram, I'll iron. But I just got home from school." Trust Gram to take the edge off delight.

Her mother had her back to the door, bent over the ironing board, and Sally gave her a hard hug.

"Mom, oh, Mom!" she cried. "Hello, lamb. Why the glee?"

"The most wonderful thing has happened! I've got a bid to the Winter Prom!"

"Oh, darling, how perfectly grand! Who asked you?" What a joy Mom was. She never took the edge off anything.

"Oh, Mom, that's what makes it so wonderful! Ward Hanley! My secret sorrow! And he told Jane Stevens I was the swellest girl in school!"

"Naturally. I could have told him that myself. The swellest, the smartest, the prettiest..."

"Don't be a doting mother," cried Sally, blushing.

"I am a doting mother and you love it, you monkey." She pulled the plug out of the iron, opened the back door, and sat down on the porch steps in the late, winter sunlight. "Come on out and we'll talk about your dress."

"Mom," Sally's voice was serious, pleading, "you know that money I've got saved up from my library work and staying with kids?"

"You mean the \$10.88 you were saving for a visit to Aunt Sue next summer?" Her mother grinned at her. "You want to blow it all in on a formal for the prom?"

Sally nodded, holding her breath.

"If I were a proper mother I'd say, 'No indeed: that would be rank extravagance.'" Her mother sighed in mock despair.

"But I'm not a proper mother and I can't think of anything more important to spend your hard-earned money on than your first formal. After all, it's a long time till next summer."

"Oh, Mom, I knew you wouldn't let me down!"

"Darling, I've always wanted you to remember your high school days with happiness. This dress, right now, is more important even than your wedding dress."

"But you didn't feel that way. Why, you've kept your wedding dress all these years—and it looks as lovely

as new," mused Sally, hugging her knees. "I think it's wonderful the way you've kept that dress and get it out every year to wear for your wedding anniversary."

"It's a sort of symbol," said Sally's mother dreamily, her face softened by thoughts that went too far for her child to follow. "My real life began the day I first wore that dress. It's been a swell life, baby."

Sally looked at her mother's pale, tired face; at the blue hollows under her great, dark eyes; at the lines beside her drooping, tender mouth; at her hands, lightly clasped in her lap, roughened and distorted from hard work.

"Some people would think it a hard life," she thought. "It's been full of disappointments and trouble. Daddy's a dear, but he's not very exciting. All they have is this old house and the worn-out furniture. All they do for fun is to take in a movie once a week or play cards with the Browns. But she's happy—it's love, I guess, that's done it. Dear God, let me have it too. Let me find the

right person so that I won't care what happens so long as we have each other." She thought of Ward, tall and rangy and brown-faced and kind, and her heart got so tight she couldn't breathe. "Is he the one? I'm too young and he's too young to be sure. But he might be the one."

She got up with the blood rushing into her face, bent and kissed her mother's cheek.

They decided on a long, full skirt, a square neckline, and little puffed sleeves.

"I saw some plaid taffeta, Mom, at Power's Retail Store. I'd like that."

"We'll go down tomorrow after school. When is the prom?"

"Day after tomorrow. Ward said he'd have asked me sooner but he wasn't sure he could go. He works after school and nights at Danny's Gas Station and he had to hire a substitute."

"Well, it doesn't leave us much time. But I can manage."

"Now, Frank, you aren't going to let that child spend all her money on one dress, are you?" protested Gram at dinner after Sally had told her



"Here, Gram," said Sally, "I wish there were more so you could take a sleeper."

"But, Sally, honey — what about your party dress?"

father the exciting news.

"Whatever Molly says goes, Gram," said Daddy, smiling at his wife across the table.

"Well, I never heard of such a thing. It isn't as if you could afford it, My land!"

"It's Sally's own money, Gram. She earned it," said Molly Furness quietly. "She'll be able to save some more to replace it."

It was after they'd all gone to bed—Sally was lying in the dark staring out at the pale, starlit sky, half asleep, half awake, dreaming of the new dress, the prom, and Ward Hanley—that the long distance call came through. She heard her father leap from the bed and hurry down the hall to the phone. In a moment lights were on all over the house and Gram was talking outside Sally's door in a shaky, broken old voice.

"Oh, Molly, I've just got to go to him. He's my baby, after all, and that fibbertygibbet little wife of his can't nurse him through pneumonia."

"How much will it cost?"

"It's \$26.00 to St. Paul in the chair car. I don't need a berth. I can't sleep on trains anyhow."

"Heavens, I just paid my life insurance and the taxes," groaned Sally's father, "and all I've got left is seventeen dollars. We'll need another ten to make it. You've got to have at least a dollar for meals. And where will I get another ten? I don't know whom I could borrow from."

"You can borrow from me, Dad," said Sally, coming into the hall in her pajamas and slippers. "I've got \$10.88 and I think there's a dollar in my penny bank. I'll give it to Gram. Is Uncle Fred dying, Mom?"

"No, dear, but he's very sick with pneumonia and his little bride is all upset. She just called Gram from St. Paul."

"Then Gram must go, of course," said Sally firmly.

And she disappeared into her room and came back with the roll of thumb-dollars and the loose change.

"Here, Gram. I wish there were more so you could take a sleeper."

"But, Sally, honey—I can't take this," cried Gram, her old face all puckered up. She looked so pathetic without her teeth, with her eyes red and her thin, white hair in a tiny pigtail over her flannel night-dress. "What about your party dress?"

"Oh, that," said Sally as if it were the most unimportant thing in the world. "I can borrow Doris Elman's green net."

She thrust the money into Gram's hand and went quickly back to bed, but she didn't do any more dreaming. It was too bad about the dress, because it was important—about the most important thing in her life right now. But other things were important, too, and for Gram, it was going to Uncle Fred when he needed her. She thought of Gram's funny little puckered face and was ashamed of her disappointment.

The next day after school she had to go straight to the library, where she mended books and straightened shelves and filled out postal cards for the librarian. So it was dinnertime before she got home. Her father was already there, reading the paper, and it seemed strange without Gram scolding at her for not hanging up her coat.

After dinner Daddy turned on the radio and Sally cleared the table.

"We'll stack the dishes tonight," said her mother with a look of suppressed excitement. "I've got something to show you."

She went into the sewing room, came back with her hands behind her. Her face was flushed and her eyes bright.

"Which hand do you choose, baby?"

"Both hands, Mom. But what is this?" cried Sally.

"A prom dress, that's all." Mom held out her hands in a lovely graceful gesture of one bearing a precious gift, one who offers the dearest thing she has to her beloved.

"Oh Mom!" breathed Sally. In her mother's hands lay a shimmering, exquisite dress of rich, cream-colored satin. It

shone like pearls. "But where—how did you get it?"

"Careful. It's only basted. You have to try it on."

Sally touched the glowing folds timidly. Suddenly her heart tightened and she looked up at her mother with dark, frightened eyes.

"Mom—it's your wedding dress. Your lovely, satin wedding dress." Her eyes brimmed with sudden hot tears. "Mom!" She threw her arms around her mother and held her tight.

"Here, here. You aren't supposed to cry. Don't you like it?"

"It's the loveliest dress in the world," said Sally solemnly.

The next night she couldn't eat a mouthful of dinner, she was so excited. She sang while she took her bath. She sang as she put on her underclothes and did her hair. She'd curled the ends under so it fell to her shoulders in a soft, glowing page-boy. She put some of her Christmas perfume behind her ears and at her wrists and on the insides of her elbows. Then she lifted the cream satin dress from its padded silk hanger and dropped it carefully over her smooth head, zipped up the side, and stepped back to smile at herself in the long, mildewed mirror in the door. The mellow satin with its tiny king's blue bows at each sleeve and the narrow king's blue girdle set off her rich, red hair, deepened her pansy-colored eyes, made her skin look transparently white.

"Is it really me?" she whispered. "Do I really look so nice?"

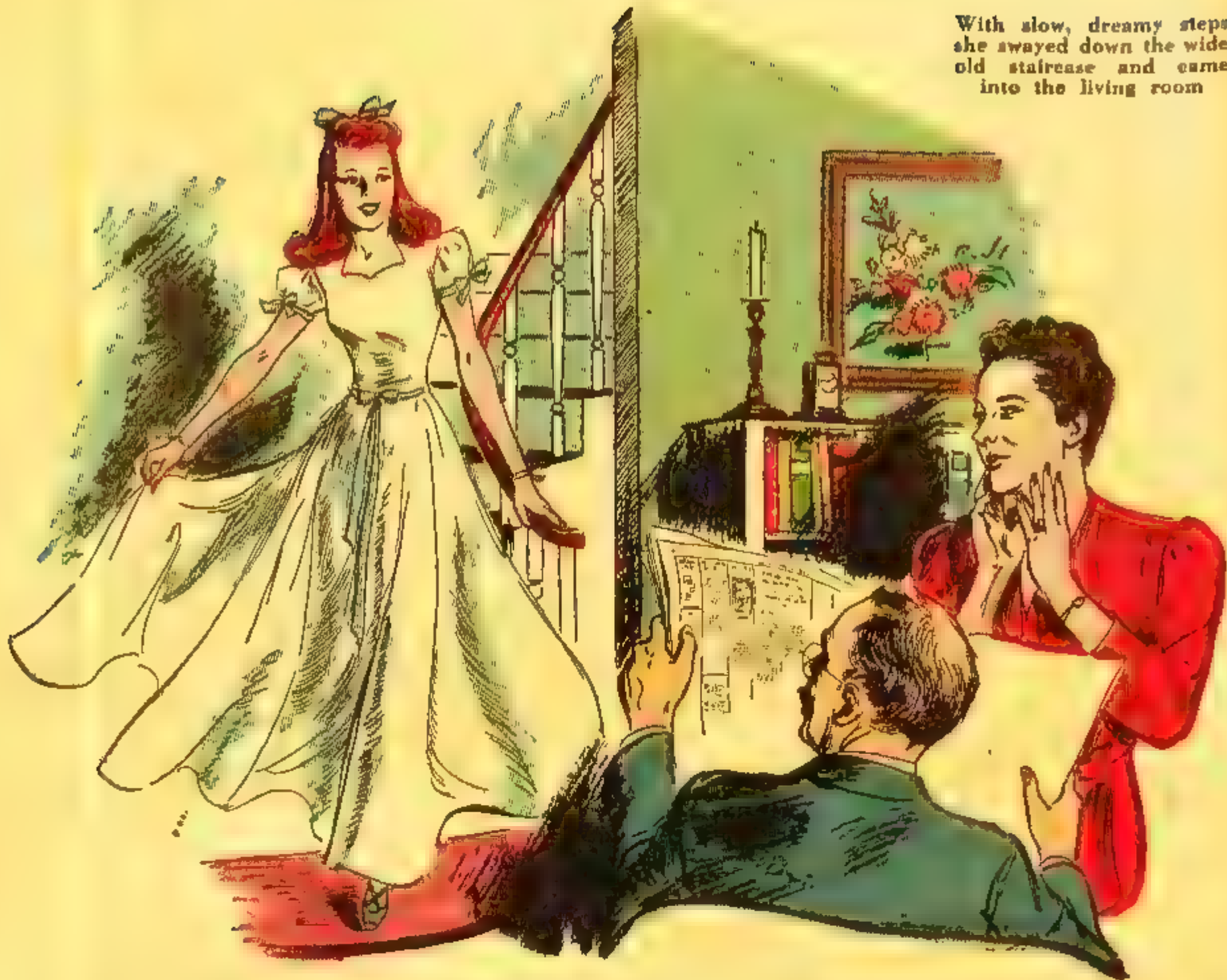
Her heart swelled with joy. Now, now everything was truly perfect. With slow, dreamy steps she swayed down the wide old staircase and came into the living room where her parents sat reading.

"Look, Frank!" cried her mother. "Look at your daughter."

"Lor' luv a duck—is that our red-haired tomboy?" cried Daddy, getting up and taking Sally's hand and leading her into the center of the room.

"That's the same rascal. Did you ever think she'd turn out

With slow, dreamy steps
she swayed down the wide
old staircase and came
into the living room



to be anything like this?"

Their voices were bantering, mocking, tender, and their eyes were misty. Sally stood smiling at them, with their love and trust and pride warmly enfold-ing her, and her heart was full of gratitude, not just for to-night, the prom, the perfect dress, but for all the years of love and tenderness and humor that had nourished her spirit. She was suddenly, in that clear, understanding moment, aware of all they meant to her and she to them.

The doorbell rang and Dad-dy squeezed her hand hard, let it go, and went to let Ward Hanley in. He was handsome in his dark suit and white shirt—the boys weren't wearing tuxes—and he was very manly and awkward and embarrassed. But he went right up to Mr and Mrs. Furness and shook hands, and Sally could tell by

the way they looked at him that her parents liked him.

"Gee, Sally," said Ward, his eyes bright as he helped her with her coat, "you look super! That's a swell dress."

"I'm glad you like it," said Sally proudly, "because my mother made it."

She turned and gave her mother a swift, deep glance that said everything she couldn't find words to say. And then she was outside and Ward was tak-ing her arm to help her down the steps and the bright, cold winter moon shone on their laughing faces.

Mr. Furness stood looking after them. Then he closed the door and turned to his wife.

"That's a nice girl you've brought up, Mrs. Furness. She picked out a good boy for her-self, too."

"Wasn't she lovely, Frank?"

"Say, that's some dress. I

thought she gave all her money to Gram. Where'd did you dig up that nice material?"

Molly Furness gave him a long steady look, then she went up to him and put her hands on his broad, thick shoulders.

"Dearest, that was my wed-ding dress I made it over for her."

"Your wedding dress! You had to cut that up! The dress you came to me in. I thought you were going to keep it al-ways as a sort of symbol."

"We don't need a symbol now, my darling. We know that no matter what happens we're go-ing to go on together, loving each other and being happy to-gether," said his wife softly. "And it is a symbol still. Of love and romance and youth and beauty. They have been mine and they brought me much joy and now I give them to Sally."

Fun On Ice

By SONJA HENIE



One of the world's greatest figure skaters gives some advice on how to have it

HAVE you ever watched smooth skaters in the movies or on your local rink, fascinated by their free and easy grace? Perhaps you have longed for the thrill of feeling the ice flowing under your blades, of speed freeing you from earthly bonds as you glide through space with the sun and sky dancing madly about. Well, you may never land on skates in the movies, and you may never be awarded even a single loving cup, but you can have lots of thrills—as indeed you may already have discovered—and a lot of fun!

If possible, have a few professional lessons. This will give you the right start and once you have mastered straight skating you can (if you're the enthusiast I think you are) go on to figure skating. Those

whirling flourishes that meet with so many "oohs" and "ahs" from admiring onlookers are simply dance steps on ice.

You don't need a large formal rink or an elaborate movie set for a background. Almost every community has a lake or a river that freezes over or a tennis court that can be flooded. Never venture out upon a lake or a river unless it has been tested and pronounced safe. Many towns have indoor ice rinks.

You can improve your technique on ice without even being on skates by following a general routine for building up resistance and vitality. Good sturdy legs and the balance of movement that comes from lithe, supple muscles (the result of daily exercise) are essential to smooth skating.

You can't learn to skate by reading one short article, of course. But you can learn some facts helpful in all skating.

How to Fall. My first venture on a pair of skates was at the municipal rink in Oslo—at the age of six—and resulted in a hard fall. Spills and thrills, my older brother had cautioned, go hand in hand; and he was right. Even the best of skaters, after years of practice, take a spill now and then. The important thing is learning how to fall so it won't hurt. You can practice this at home.

First learn how to relax. The body must be limp. Then let yourself go down like a falling rope. You can do this if you bend at the ankles, sag at the knees, double up in the hips as if to sit down, and so drop to the ground in easy stages with the hips taking most of the weight. Try to turn so that the side of the hip takes the blow.

Your Clothes. Remember, outdoor skating weather is nippy, and indoor rinks are not exactly warm. No matter how pretty your new costume, you won't cut a dashing figure if old Jack Frost's left you looking like an icicle with a red nose. You will want silk and wool or all-wool tights. All professionals wear them. They keep the legs warm and do away with the need for garters and with the ugly gap between stockings and bloomers. Wear thin socks under your boots.

Wool sweaters and skirts are always comfortable. You probably have a skirt that is short and full. Of course, skating is extra fun if you have a snappy ensemble with a skirt lined with gay colors that swishes beautifully with each leg stride. Be sure the bodice fits closely but at the same time allows enough shoulder room for unhampered arm movements. If you are clever with knitting you'll find knitting a skating dress lots of fun—with a costume to show for it that is practical and pretty. In this issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** are pictures of smart skating costumes you can buy or make.

Your Equipment—Most Important of All. If skating gives your ankles that tired, weak

feeling it probably does not mean there is anything wrong with your ankles. Most times the trouble is in the skating boots. So don't buy boots for their looks. Buy them because they fit perfectly. The very best you can afford will always be a good investment. They should be wide enough to permit freedom of the toes. The arch needs support to save you from tiring. Be sure they fit snugly about the ankle and don't wrinkle at the heel. If they're too large, you will be uncomfortable and your feet will get cold faster. When fitting skating boots, wear light socks.

Buy your boots first, then the skates. The "heel stanchion"—that's the brace across the back of the skate—should fit to a quarter of an inch from the back of your boot heel. The forward stanchion should come to the very tip of the boot. The distribution of your weight on the skates is important, so try to have an expert fitter attach your skates.

Lacing Your Boots. You should know how to lace your boots so that they are comfortable and, at the same time, give you the most support. From the toe almost to the instep bone, the lacing should be fairly loose. Through the next four or five eyelets across the instep, pull the lacing very tight and secure with a knot. This gives the snug support needed about the ankle. From the knot to the top of the boot, again leave the lacing fairly loose. By this method you allow room for



Even Alice and the White Rabbit have a part in Sonja Henie's ice ballet.

your toes to move around, and the muscles in your legs are not so likely to bother you.

Ready to Start. Your feet will be pretty leaden at first, and you'll wonder what all the shouting was about. Don't be afraid to hang on to your friend. That's why he came along! He went through the same breathless moment once, so don't be self-conscious.

Ice skating is not really so very different from roller skating. Start from a position in which your left foot is at an angle, of forty-five degrees to your right, with your weight on the left foot. Bend your right knee slightly, then push your right foot over the ice, away from the left. At the same time, shift your weight. The left foot is slightly in back of the right.

For the next step, bring the left foot up alongside the right. The right knee should be straightened before pushing back onto the left foot. Alternate from left to right. Bend your body slightly forward so that your weight is on the center of the blade. Try not to look down at your feet.

When you are on the edge of the blade, the part that is on the ice when the ankle is turned, the knee of the leg you are gliding forward on should be well bent. If you don't do this, you will find it difficult to keep your balance and most of your skating will be done sitting down. The flexible knee movements give you that appearance of gliding through space without even half trying.

Include graceful dance movements with your daily exercise routine at home. The space here is too short to give any outline for figure skating but you will find details in my book, "Wings on My Feet."

Perfect balance, your mind and body working smoothly together—that's really the secret of good skating. It requires patience and hard work—what worthwhile accomplishment doesn't? But it's fun, too, and brings you real satisfaction well worth the effort.

Your heart
doesn't have
to be in your
mouth when
food is in
your hands

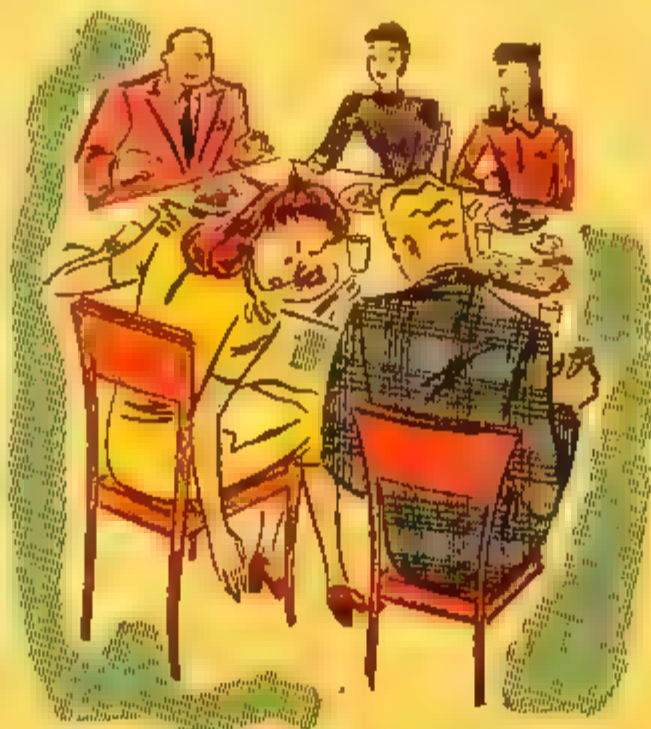
Author of "This Way, Please:
A Book of Manners"

Forks also behave better, and look better, when they are held gently, rather than gripped in the fist—in a Banjo Grab. Place your fingers around the handle of your fork, not down on the prongs, and control the fork from the wrist rather than from the elbow.

If you are ever in doubt about whether to use fork or spoon, use the fork. Use it for all vegetables and for desserts whenever possible. As between fork and fingers, of course, it's fork every time. Sometimes, however, a fork may be absolutely no help; then, go ahead and use your fingers. Don't be afraid of any critical glances. Imagine trying to pick up the elusive olive with a fork! Celery, radishes, and scallions, if not in salad, are also hand-to-mouth foods. (Warning: Never put on the tablecloth the salt into which you dip them. Put it on your bread-and-butter plate or on the rim of the plate in front of you.) You'd have tough going trying to eat potato chips with a fork, but French fried potatoes and shoestring potatoes are different. They can be eaten with a fork and are too greasy for fingers. The best you can do with corn on the cob is to take up only a half-ear in your fingers and butter just a small strip at a time. If you fancy picking up breakfast bacon in your fingers, be sure it

is dry and crisp. The memory of Fido at his lunch will keep you from taking up chop bones, though you may hate to give up the last clinging bit of meat.

When you discover you have a fishbone stowaway in your mouth, go after it with thumb and forefinger at once. Let it be open warfare, too; this is better than trying to hide your mouth behind a napkin. If the struggle is too long and hard, you can excuse yourself from the table for a few minutes. Fruit pits and other uneatables that get in your mouth you can quietly get rid of by cupping your hand over your mouth



No need for a red face—only people on a liquid diet never drop a fork

and dropping them into it, then putting them on your plate.

A slice of luscious coconut cake lies before you, tempting you to pinch off a piece without a minute's wait. Ah, but you'd get your fingers sticky, and before you realized it, you'd be licking off the icing. The Finger-Licker is not a table ornament. Sponge cake, pound cake, angel food, and other dry varieties of cake you can eat in your fingers; you need a fork for those frosted layer cakes.

Apply the same kind of test to sandwiches, and you won't gaze at one wondering how to attack it. Cheese, ham, and other sandwiches without a runny filling are meant to be taken in the fingers; but it's best to cut them in halves before eating. Chicken salad sand-

wiches and similar oozy types are not for fingers. A fork alone will probably be enough for these, but not for a club sandwich or for those tall, unsteady double- and triple-deckers that soda fountains and lunchrooms love to concoct. These require both knife and fork.

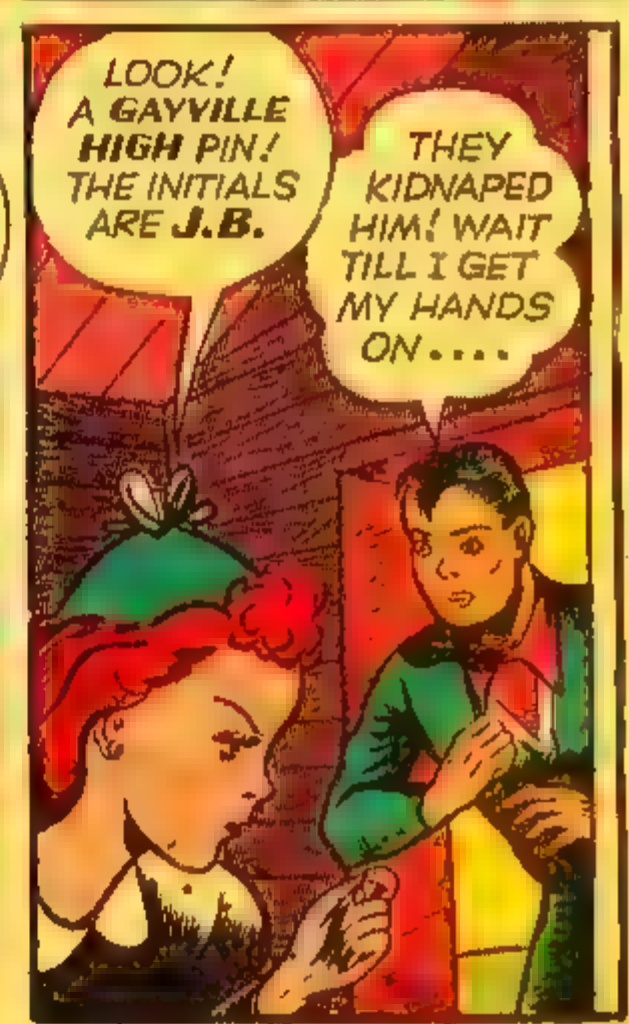
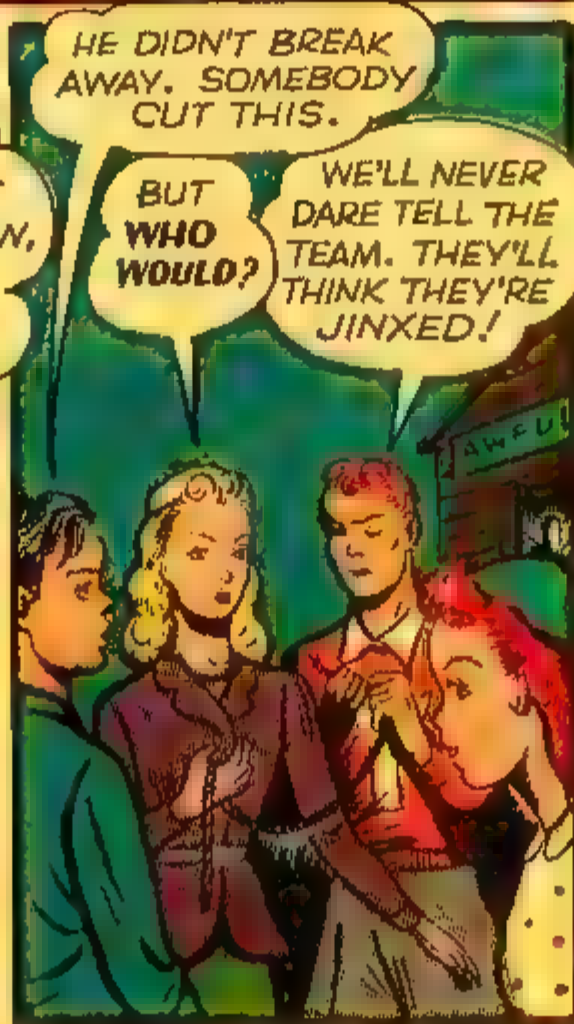
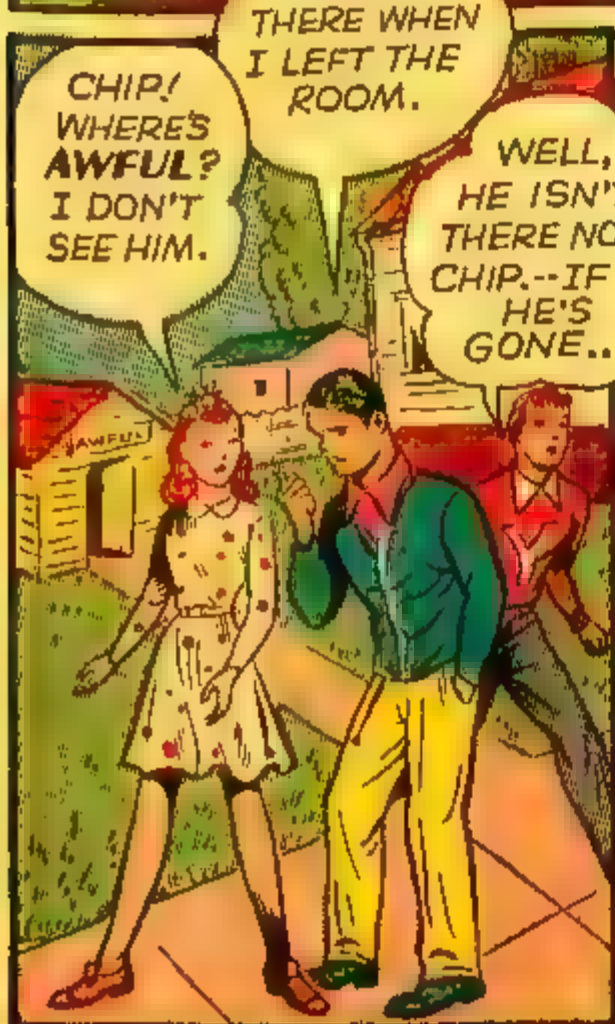
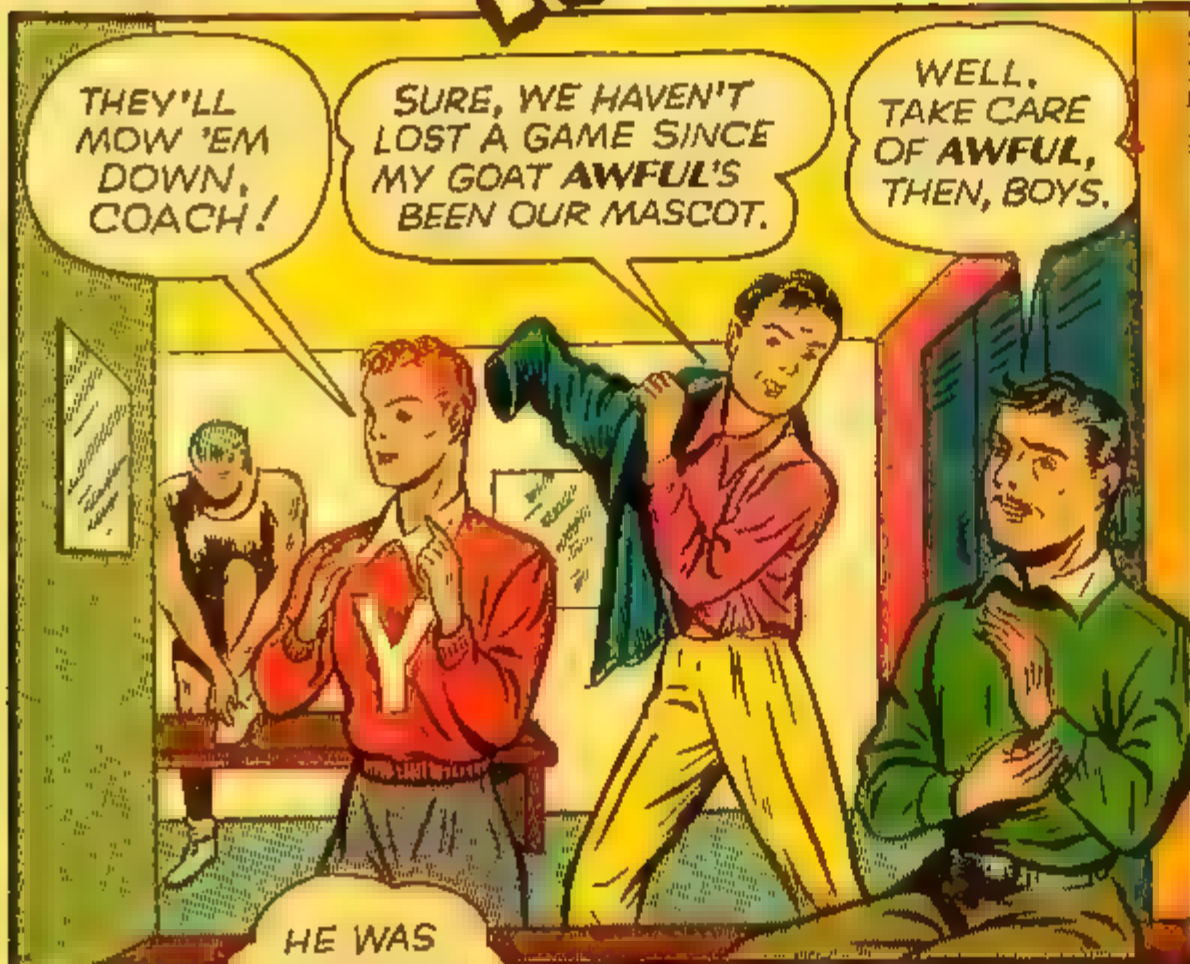
The sandwiches you're likely to meet at any informal supper—at the church, at the school, or at Beth's house after skating—are pretty sure to be the hand-operated kind. You'll have to hold your plate on your lap, and you can't very well manage any fancy cutting. A rule for such suppers is: no food that can't be cut with a fork.

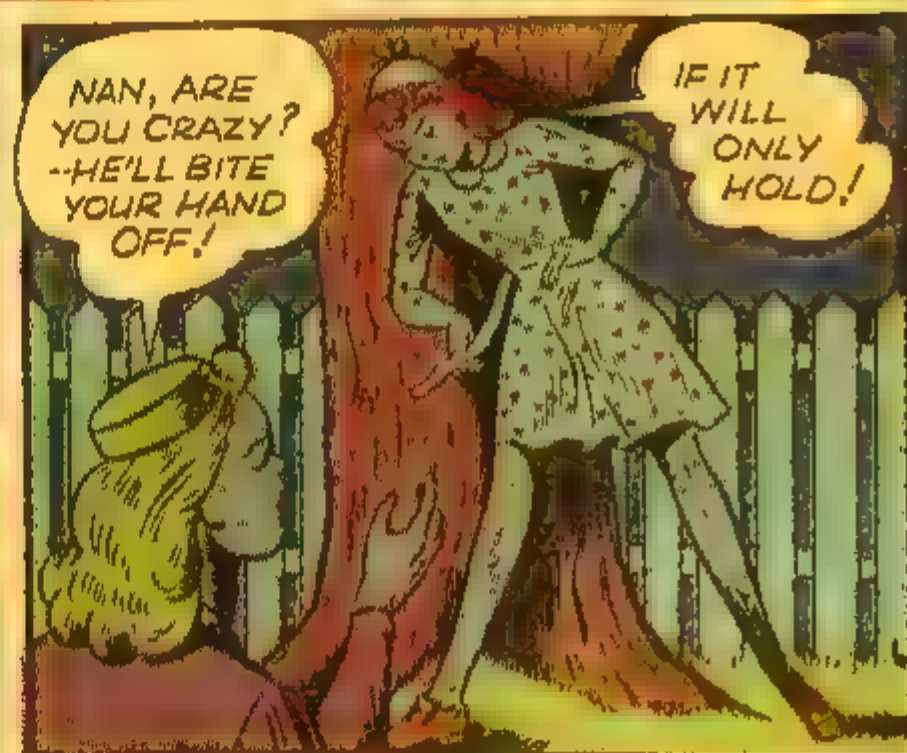
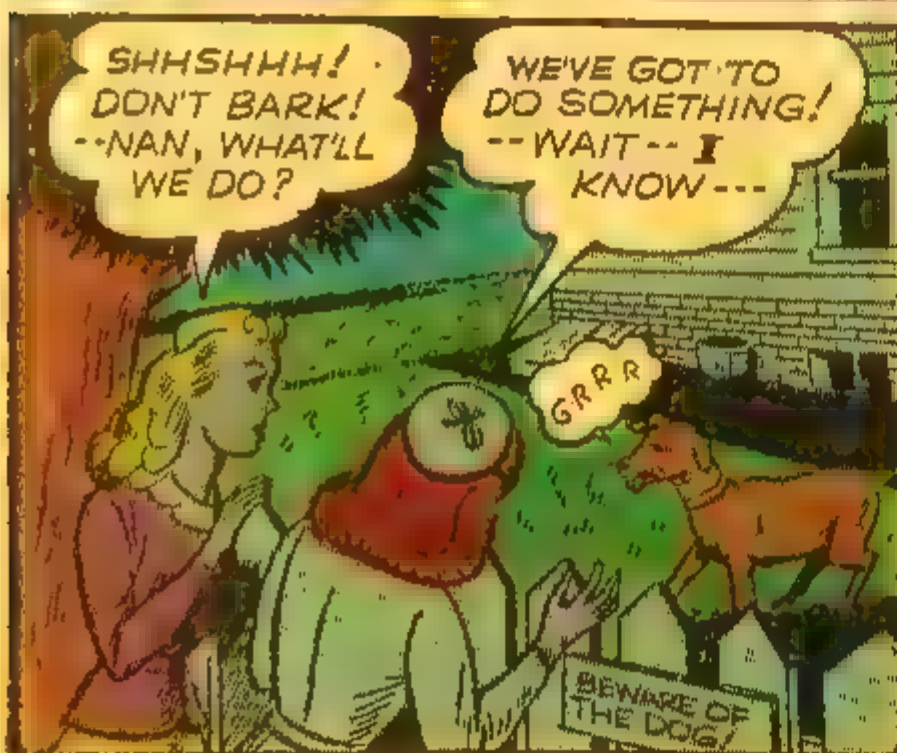
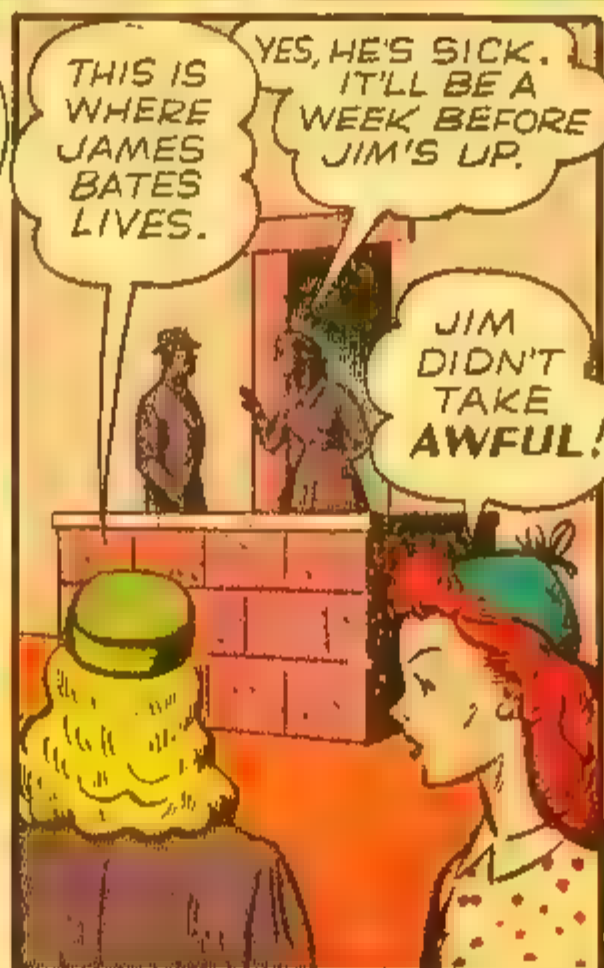
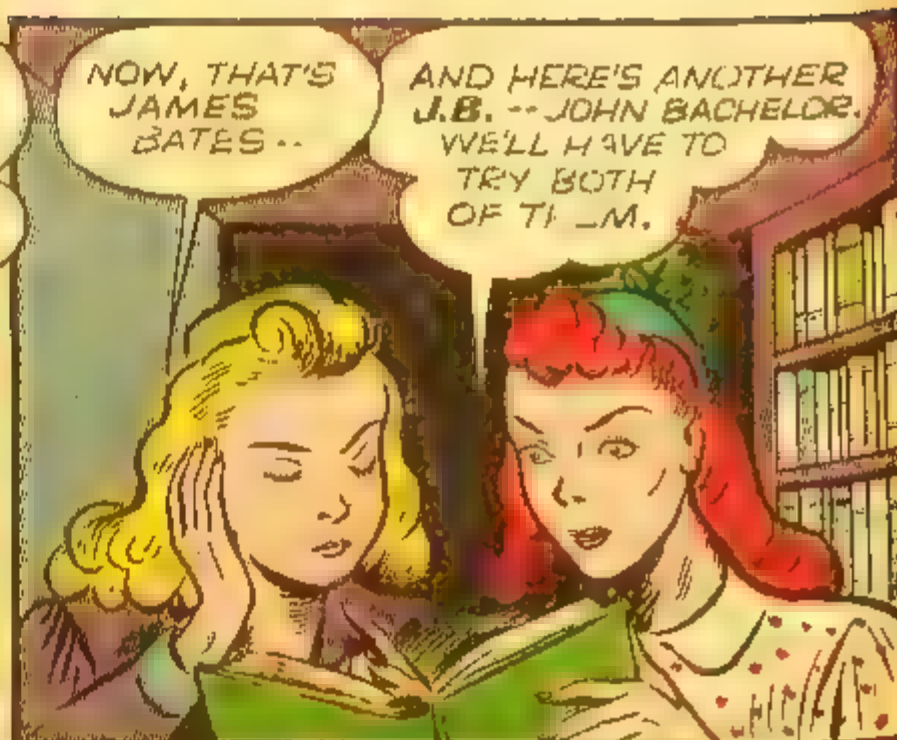
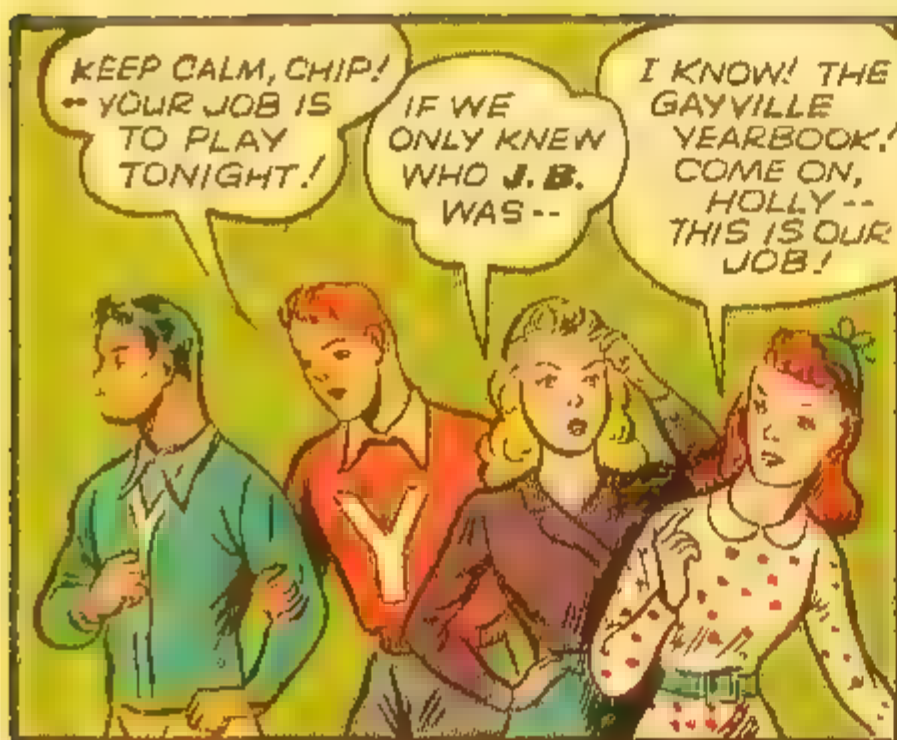
Everybody likes these help-yourself, or buffet, meals; they're so free and easy. But they have their tricky spots. For instance, You take a plate from the pile stacked up for the guests, join the line trooping around the table, and fill your plate from the various dishes of food; then, at the end of the table, where you have your choice of hot chocolate or punch, you pick up a cup of chocolate. It would be easy enough to pose for a few minutes with a filled plate in your left hand and a cup and saucer in your right, but you have to weave your way back to your seat through a lively crowd. It is not so much your step you have to watch—though your feet could easily get entangled in somebody else's or in a chair—but that droppable, breakable fender arrangement in front of you. Keep your muscles steady, make a detour when you see an arm-waving young man coming toward you, hold your arms as close to you as possible, and the plate and saucer at an unchanging level. You'll pass safely through the blockade. After you have sat down, you can, if necessary, set your cup and saucer on the floor by you; but don't forget and leave them there to be stepped on. And don't, when you have finished eating, put your used plate on the buffet table where it will spoil the looks of the room. Find a place to set it down where it will not be noticed.

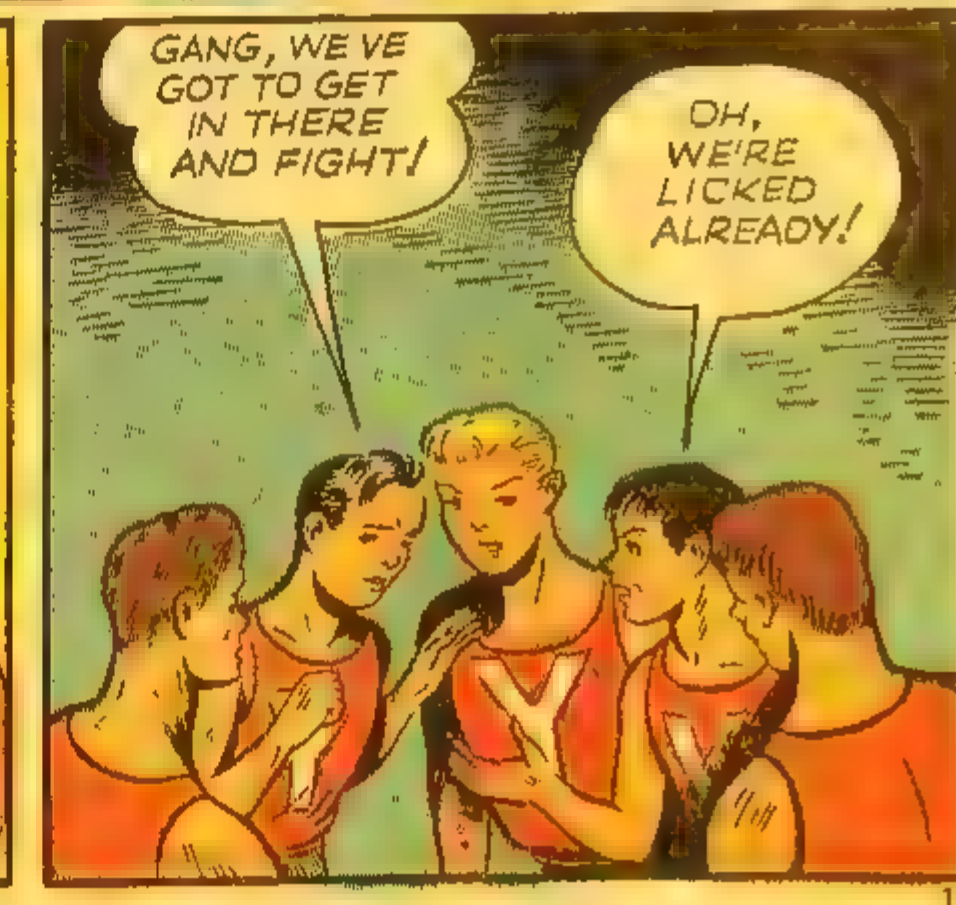
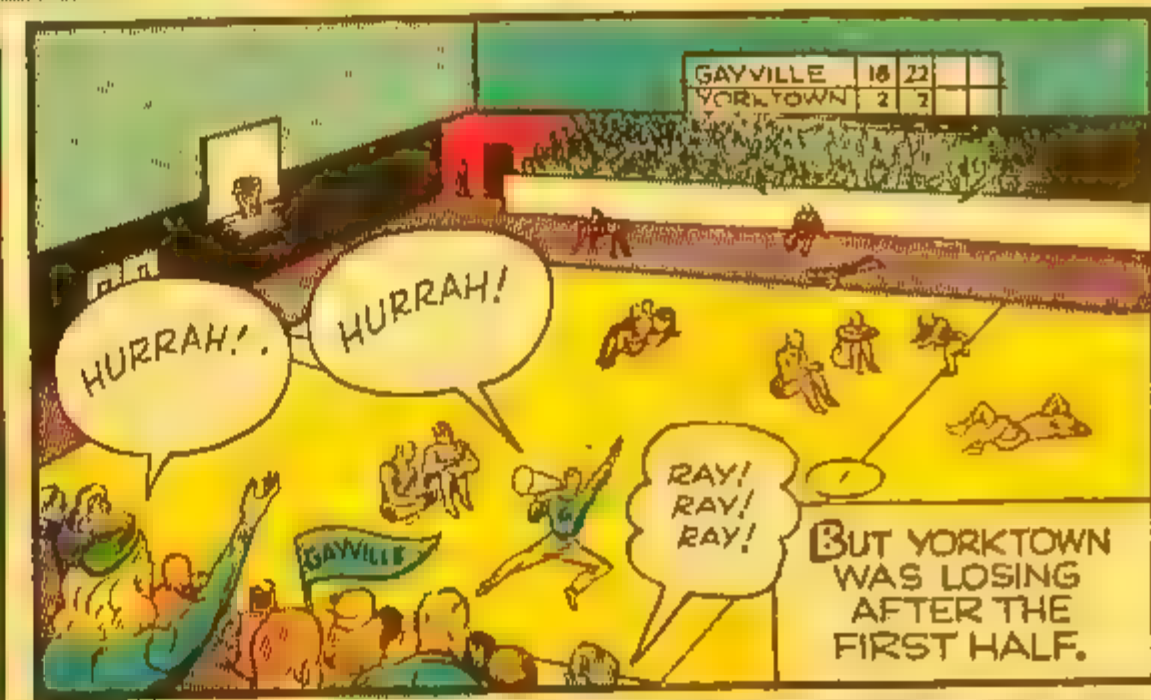
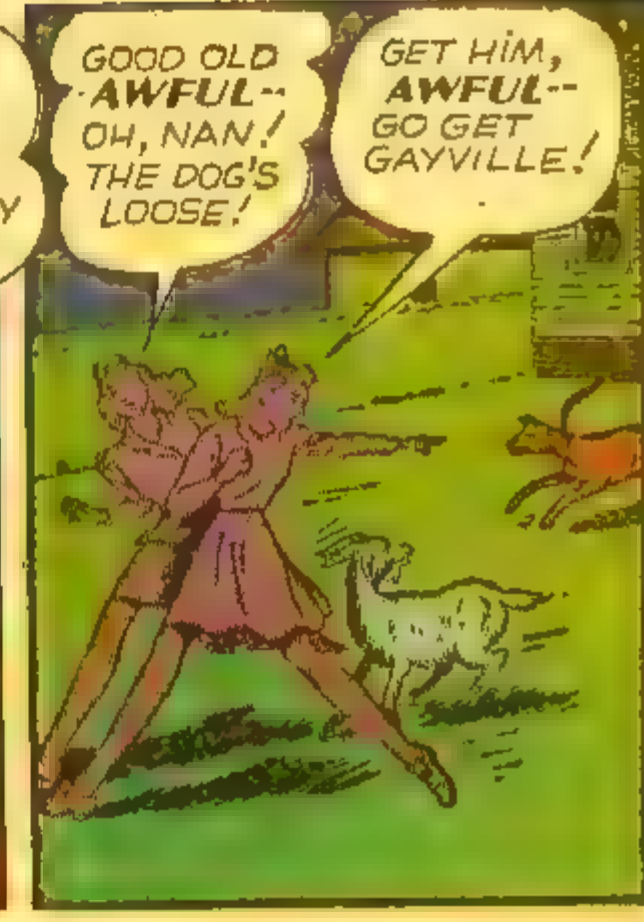
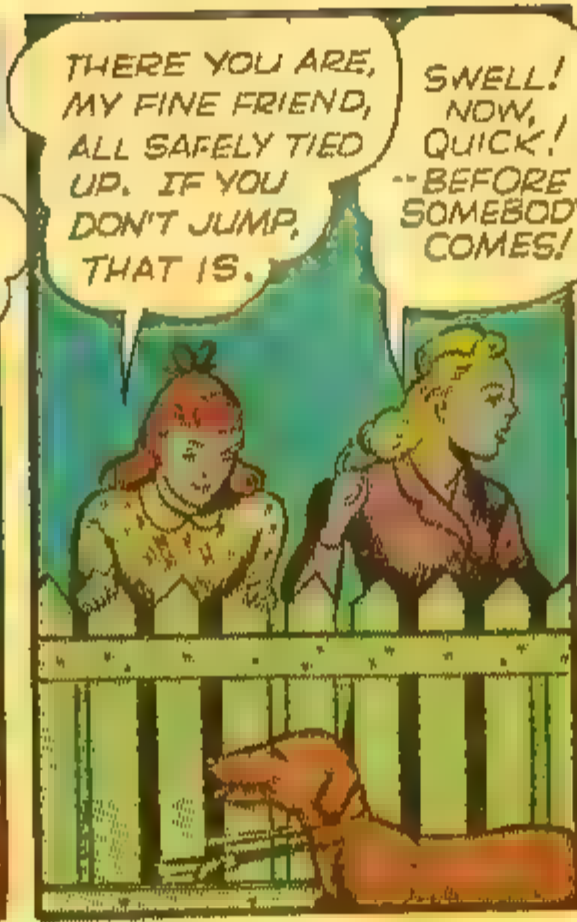
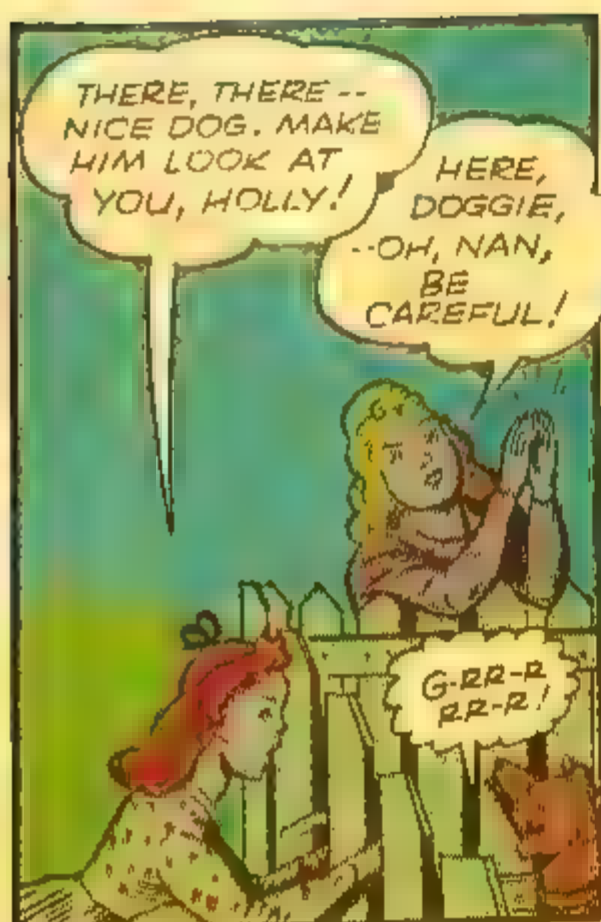


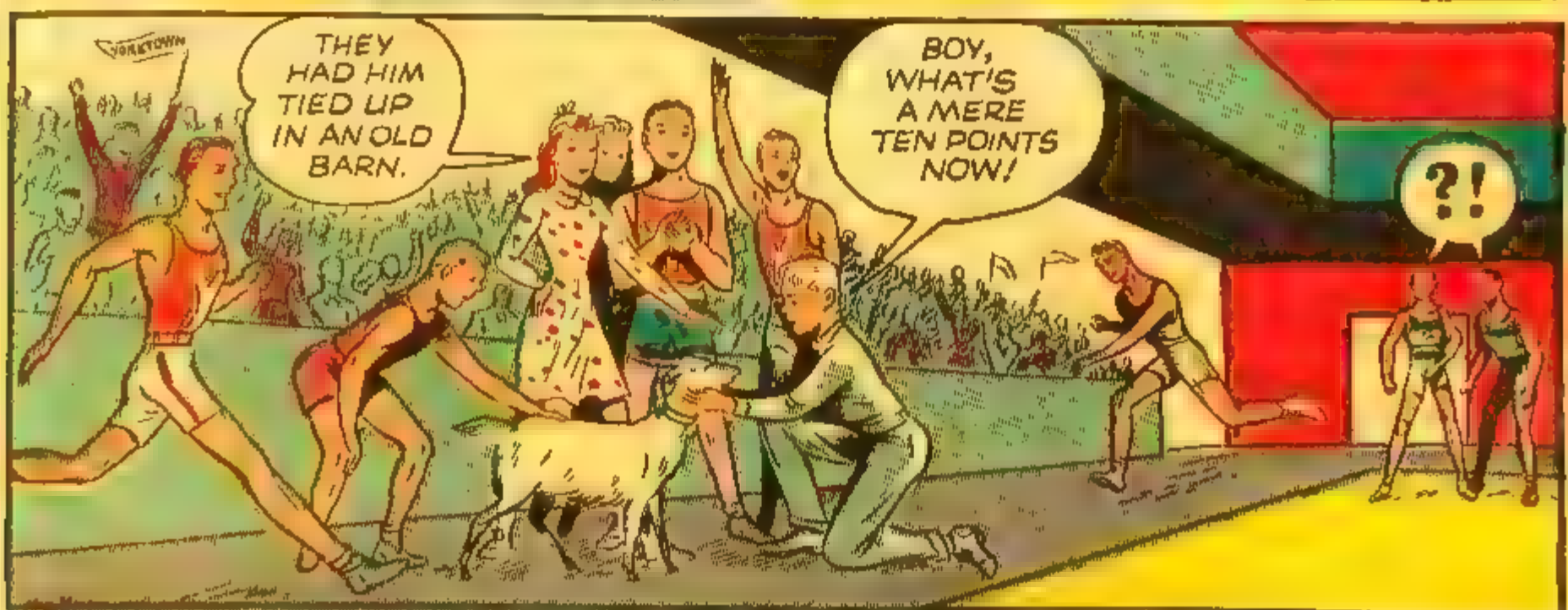
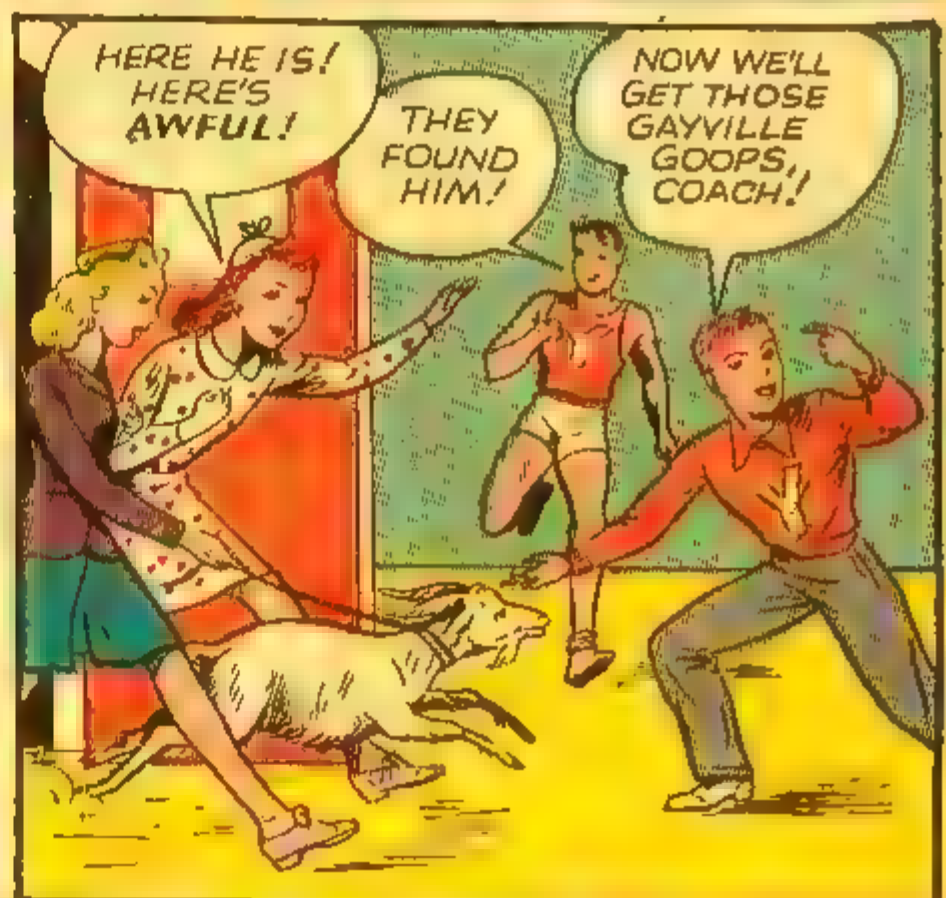
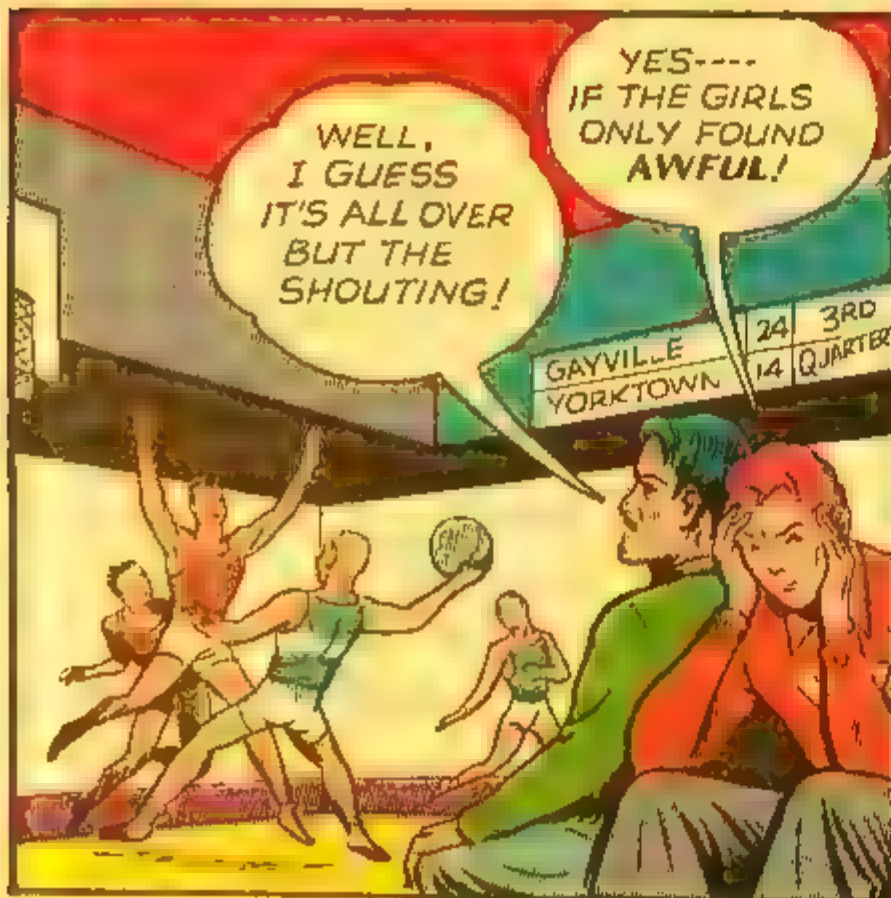
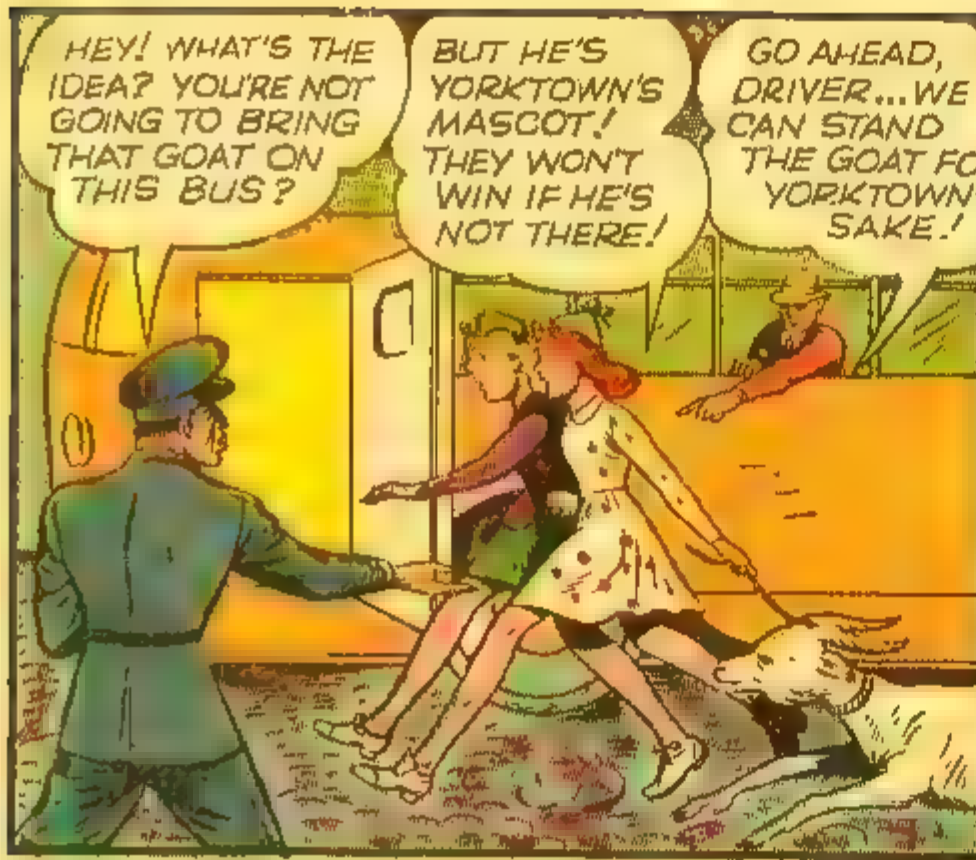
Don't be an Ice Cream-Licker if you want others to like your looks

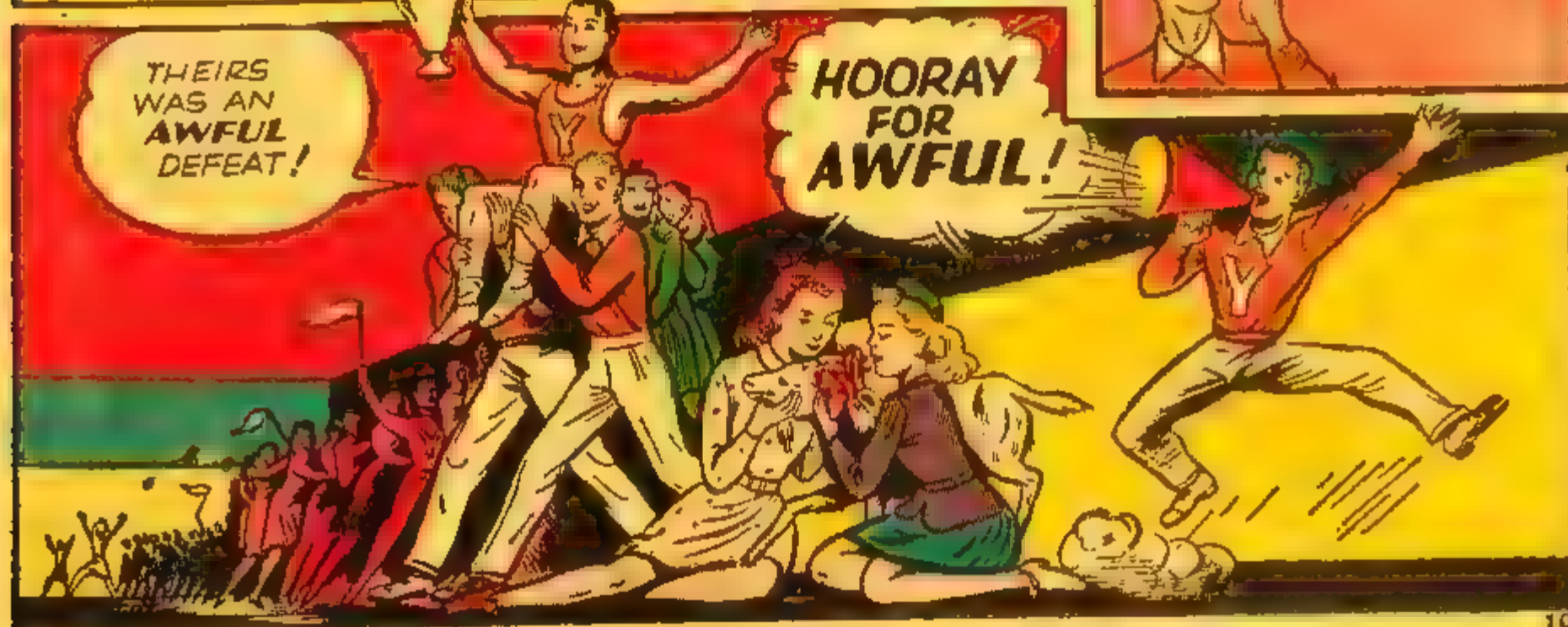
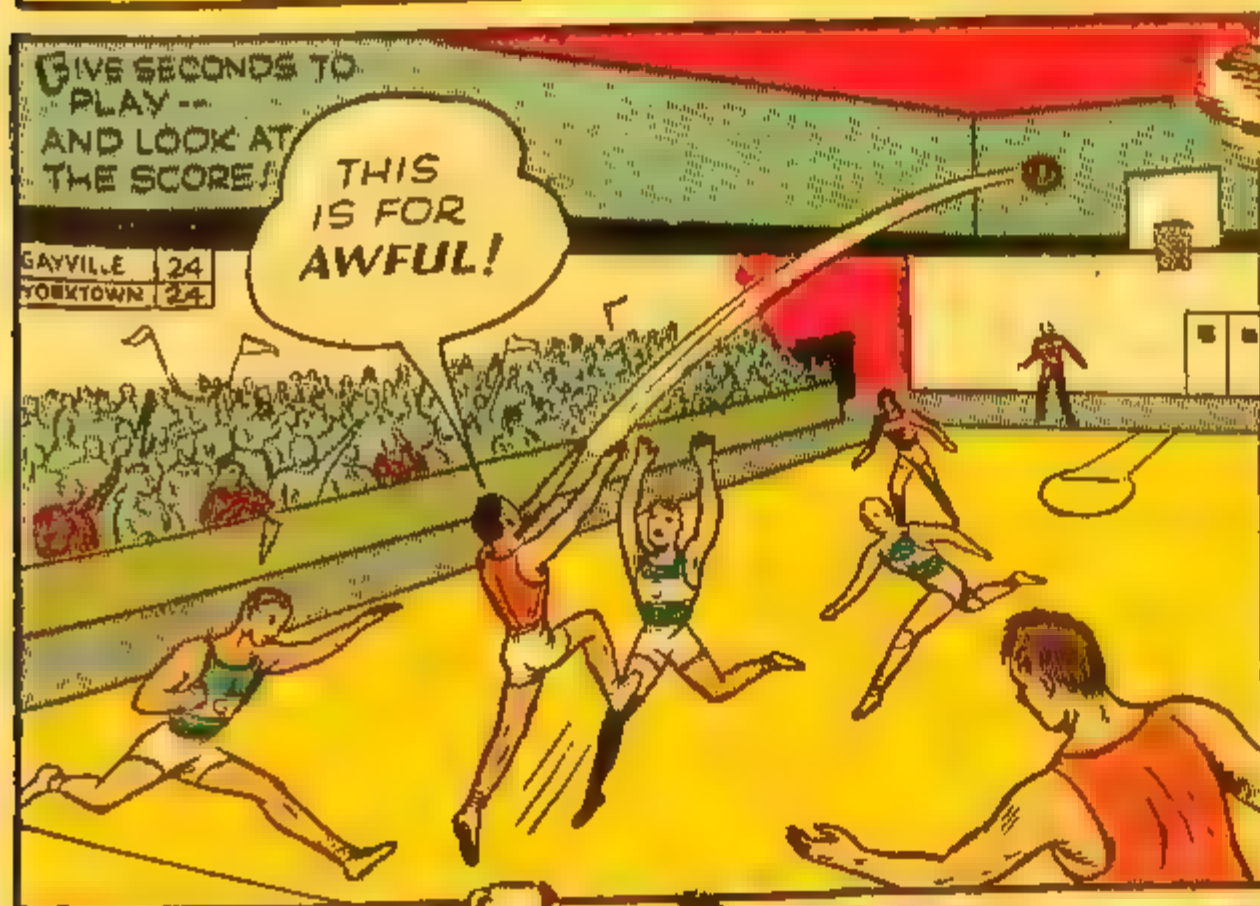
The Yorktown Younger Set in THE AWFUL KIDNAPING









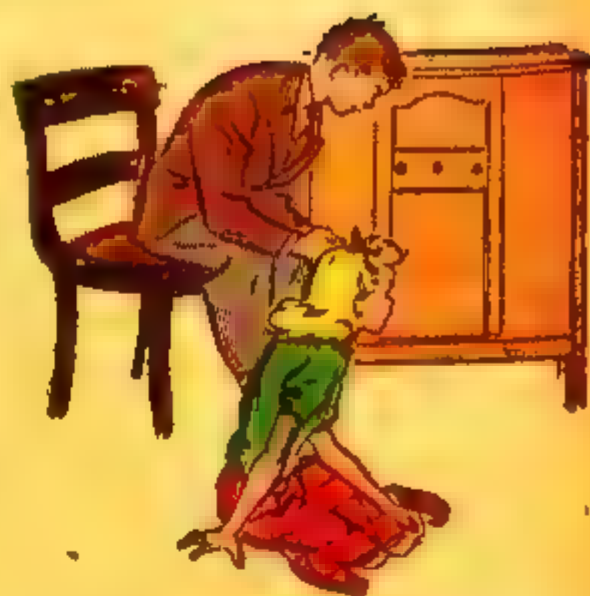


MUSIC

AS YOU LIKE IT

By BENNY GOODMAN

Whether you go for swing or for classical music you'll want to read what the King of Swing says about them both



WHAT is good music? A lot of people have asked me that. And they've always been surprised at my brief reply: Good music is music you like to hear.

Oh, there are critics who analyze and dissect and say that this composer is stealing from that, and one school of composition is better than another. But don't worry too much about the sad state of affairs in the musical arts. If you like a piece of music, whether boogie-woogie or Brahms, it's good.

I hope I'm not stepping on anybody's toes by what I have to say about the matter, but no two people ever feel exactly the same about a musical composition. Plenty of so-called classical compositions are terrible, just as plenty of jazz isn't worth a minute of your time.

When Mozart was writing dance music for his generation, he was a "popular" composer. The fact that he's now one of the old masters doesn't mean that his music can't be light and gay. Too often the classics are draped with dismal, funereal trimmings. Music was made to be enjoyed, whether enjoyment is reflected by closed eyes and an all-gone feeling during a performance of the "Eroica" or by shagging down the floor at a jump rendition of "One-O'clock Jump."

Maybe you're one of the girls who sit at home, practice scales on the piano, and show a tend-

ency to dislike music intensely. You've heard great pianists play and you don't like that so well. You'd rather bang out a bit of "I Got Rhythm" or "Beat Me, Daddy." Well, I had the same trouble when I was a boy. Pianos were very scarce in my neighborhood. My older, bigger brothers could carry the heavier instruments with more ease than I could.

So I started to play clarinet. And I played scales, and technical exercises, and scales, and technical exercises. Although I grew tired of playing scales I never got tired of trying to improve them. But my improvements always came after actual practice was finished. Now that I'm doubling between concert hall and hotel bandstand, I'm glad that I both practiced and invented. For practice was the foundation on which my imagination could go to work. And invention or improvising was the basis of any success I have had. All this means that if you want to play popular music well, you must know your fundamentals.

Music to me is an emotion that gets down deep and doesn't ever leave. Music can be so many things that it hurts to see people who dismiss it as a luxury or who follow it because it may be fashionable.

You know how it is when you are in the dumps and someone comes walking by the house whistling a sprightly tune. Your spirits pick right up

and the world seems brighter as you whistle along with your unknown musician. Or driving in the country with the family you hear out of the air a great symphony orchestra with sparkling violins and dancing flutes that set the stage for happy daydreams. A good dance band puts rhythm in your step. And soft music at dinnertime adds an extra dessert to the meal. Then there's the phonograph waiting to respond to every mood.

Back of all that music are musicians who get deep satisfaction from making other people aware of melody and rhythm. I enjoy playing to people in a hotel or a concert hall, broadcasting, and making records, for I know that some people will find release and joy in my music. Playing my clarinet is just as much fun on the concert stage as it is with the dance band.

As for whether classical music is harder to play than jazz—well, it's just like picking up a difficult book to read. If you've learned your lessons, there's no trouble; you just take a little more time and are a little more careful. And you'd be surprised at the number of classical musicians who can play jazz well.

Of course there's a difference between swing and symphony audiences, especially in how they show appreciation. Maybe you've been in an audience when good swing has caused

an actual riot. Maybe you've been one of those who have left their theater or outdoor concert seats to cavort in the aisles. Or perhaps you've joined in what might be called dance-floor track meets and setting-up exercises. I'm fond of today's tempo fiends, and they're certainly part of our new American music.

In general, symphony lovers are happiest when they hear exactly what they expected to hear—a respectful rendition performed with all due deference to the wishes of the dead composer. From the moment a classical composer died, his works were no longer mere manuscript. They became documents which no musician dares change. The closer an artist hues to the line, the louder the

happening. The musical person who follows symphony feels music just as much as the foot-tappers of swing. The difference is that the concertgoer doesn't move a muscle. To both, music has carried a message—a real emotional stab.

And here's my answer to the cry, "Swing is dead!" Swing cannot die a natural death in a country like America. Our music has grown out of our brand of government. A man who improvises with a musical instru-

ment is using the same freedom as that exercised by an editorial writer who spouts his own opinions or an architect who throws over past ideas and builds a house of glass.

Improvisation is the application of an unhandcuffed-feeling to music. The same conditions that pioneered its birth will see to its continuation in this country. Note the nations that have banned our kind of music and you'll find that liberty has given way to dictatorship.



hue and cry in his praise. With swing, things are different. Everybody's disappointed if what he or she hears corresponds to anything ever heard before on this green earth. No clarinetist wants to sound on the second chorus as if he were the same instrumentalist who played the first one. New musical inventions must come from the musician and the instrument he plays.

The intelligent swing audience seems to get closer to the performer than its classical counterpart. The feet tap, the interest is in everything that's

Benny Goodman with his clarinet impresses symphony-goers—at other times has jitterbugs literally in the aisles

FOOTPRINTS in the Snow



"Go lie down again, Rowdy," she ordered. "You need rest."

They led Eleanor to a very strange and exciting adventure when she went skiing through the woods

By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

ELEANOR ADAMS put down the ski she was waxing and stared out the kitchen window at the brown shape moving slowly up the snow-covered hillside in the blue twilight. Her older brother Jack, half-hidden behind the newspaper, was saying something about another wreck over near White River Junction, when suddenly she gave a startled cry and ran to the door.

"Hey, what's the matter?" Jack demanded.

"It's Rowdy, and I think he's hurt!"

The airedale came wearily upward, head hanging, tail drooping, face and flanks spotted with crimson patches.

On her knees beside him in the shed, Eleanor examined his many cuts.

"Where have you been, Rowdy? And what happened?"

The dog fluttered his tail and blinked up at her.

"He's been fighting," Jack said. "That's plain enough! I

saw him and Merrick's dog go off toward Ragged Mountain this afternoon. Prob'ly they caught a rabbit and then tangled over it."

"Oh, no!" Eleanor protested. "Rowdy and Tony would never quarrel!"

"You can't be sure."

"Yes, I can. I know Rowdy!"

"Listen, Sis, you're prejudiced. You think Rowdy's different from other dogs."

The telephone rang, and he strode into the kitchen. Eleanor heard him say "Oh, hello, Mr. Merrick."

"What? What was that? You mean our dog killed him? Killed him, did you say?"

Eleanor was on her feet, hurrying into the kitchen.

"Jack," she began in a shaking voice, "what's he talking about?"

"Here," he said, holding the phone out to her. "He says Rowdy killed Tony."

Eleanor felt her hands tremble as Mr. Tracy Merrick's angry voice came booming over

the wire, and she pictured him as he must have looked at that moment—a big, deep-chested man like so many other locomotive engineers, square of jaw, tight of lips, eyes the color of steel rails.

"I saw the two of them, myself, on their way toward Ragged Mountain," he was saying. "That's where they fought, and that's where my dog came from. Hardly able to drag himself home, he was! And when he got inside the house he just flopped over and died! Best dog I ever owned! If I'd known that brute of yours was a killer!"

Eleanor's cheeks were flaming when she put the phone down.

"It isn't true!" she cried. "Rowdy didn't kill Tony! They didn't even fight!"

"Prove it," Jack said dryly.

She went into the shed again, this time with a basin of warm water and an old towel. Rowdy tried to lick her hand, but he was dead tired and for the most

part content to lie quiet while she cared for his cuts. Odd-shaped cuts, some of them—deep and close together. Tony's teeth had never made cuts like those!

"This is what happened," she said to herself. "Rowdy and Tony went into the woods and ran into some tough animal. It put up a wicked fight, and poor Tony paid with his life." But what kind of woods animal could have got the better of an airedale and a wire-haired terrier? A bobcat? No, more like-

ly a savage old woodchuck! A woodchuck had just the kind of teeth to account for those cuts

Jack was reading the paper again when she returned to the kitchen

"They think that wreck over at White River was caused by something placed on the tracks," he said. "Second wreck in two weeks! Looks like sabotage. Foreign agent, maybe. Anyway, two people saw a suspicious looking character in a maroon sweater near where the train piled up."

sometimes had silly ideas about things—and now, with their mother and father away for a few days, Jack seemed to feel a special responsibility for her.

The following morning Eleanor frowned as she stood in front of her bedroom window. There had been a light fall of snow during the night, and a few flakes were still falling.

"Wonder if it's worth while?" she thought.

Last evening she had decided to ski over to Ragged Mountain and try to find where Rowdy and Tony had fought the woodchuck. Woodchuck tracks intermingled with dog tracks would prove her theory.



"Rowdy, don't hurt him!" she cried. "Just hold him there."

and then she could go to Mr. Merrick and tell him exactly what had happened. But now this fresh fall of snow

At breakfast, Jack said: "Skiing today, Sis?"

"Maybe."

"Ought to be good," he observed. "Where does your gang ski these days, at the Ravine or over on Blue Hill?"

"Blue Hill," she said without enthusiasm

Jack laughed.

"Cheer up, Sis! Stop thinking about Rowdy! He's okay. Ready to play with me when I came downstairs. Wonderful what a dog can go through! All he needed was a good night's sleep. Now he's ready to chew up some other."

"Jack, stop it!" she cried.

"Sorry," he said penitently.

When Eleanor went to the shed to get her skis, Rowdy greeted her in the old familiar

But she was not interested in train wrecks

"I know what killed Tony!"

"What?" he inquired skeptically

"A woodchuck!"

"How come?"

She outlined her theory.

"Possible," he admitted "But can you prove it?"

"Yes!" she replied almost defiantly.

"How?"

She didn't tell him what she had in mind. Older brothers

manner—head cocked on one side, eyes bright, tail wagging so energetically it threw him off balance. His cuts were no longer bleeding, but there was an ugly look to three of them close together above his right eye. He lifted his head and blinked at her, his tail still wagging. She knew what he wanted.

While she was giving him the desired scratching she noticed a short piece of dark slimy wool caught in his teeth and hanging from the side of his mouth. She glanced about but saw nothing he could have been chewing. Not that it mattered. It wasn't unusual for a dog to get things caught in his teeth.

"No, Rowdy," she said as she shouldered her skis. "You're going to stay home today!"

As she went out the door, he lay with head on paws, his bright eyes watching her. But he was soon beside her, just as she prepared to take off down that fine slope from the back yard.

"Go lie down again, Rowdy," she ordered. "You need rest."

It was no longer snowing. Ahead of her to the north Eleanor could see the dark pine-clad summit of Ragged Mountain. Perhaps there wouldn't be so much fresh snow in the woods after all. As she went gliding along, her thoughts raced ahead of her, and she imagined herself talking with Mr. Merrick again on the phone. This time he would do the heavy listening! "Yes, Mr. Merrick, it was a woodchuck that killed your dog! If you'll take the trouble to go into the woods, as I did, you'll find where they fought, and you'll see dog tracks and woodchuck tracks all mixed up in the snow. Then you'll know it wasn't Rowdy who . . ."

What was that? Near the base of the mountain, she halted and glanced backward. Presently she heard it again, the sound of distant barking. A few moments later she spied Rowdy.

"Might have known he would follow me!" she exclaimed.

But she was glad to see him. The mountain was bleak and desolate, and now it was beginning to snow again. From the other side came the faint whistle of a locomotive, emphasizing the loneliness. "The Montreal train," she said to herself, and thought of Mr. Merrick. Not that he would be at the throttle; his specialty was freight. But somehow after that phone call last night it didn't take much to turn her thoughts toward him!

Now what was the matter with the dog? Instead of coming toward her, he was making for the woods on the low southern shoulder of the mountain.

"Here, Rowdy!" she called, but he paid no heed.

Presently he was out of sight in the woods.

Eleanor was puzzled. It wasn't like him to ignore her when she called to him. Then she thought, "Maybe he's gone to find the woodchuck and renew the fight." That would be like him!

Gliding to the edge of the woods where he had vanished she called to him again and then, receiving no response, set off in pursuit. The snow in the woods was more tightly packed than the snow in the open, but Rowdy's footprints were clear, and the trees were far enough apart so that she could make fairly rapid progress. At the end of perhaps a quarter of an hour she had passed the crest of the shoulder, and the dog's tracks were leading downhill toward the railway.

As she rounded a thick clump of young snow-laden pines she halted with a quick intake of breath. There ahead, in a small stump-dotted clearing, stood an old lumber shack where loggers had once lived, and in front of it loomed the evidence she was seeking: footprints in the snow! A multitude of dog tracks all intermingled, together with dark crimson dots and patches, unmistakably blood! In the midst of the chaotic pattern, and forming an important part of it, the imprints of boots!

Eleanor stared, breathless, her heart pounding. From far

off came the sound of chopping, but she hardly heard it. She continued to stare at the trodden snow while in imagination she witnessed the terrific struggle that had taken place—a struggle not between dogs and a woodchuck, but between dogs and a man! And then suddenly she caught sight of something that made the picture stand out with breath-taking vividness; beside the shack, where he had evidently dropped or flung it, lay one end of a broken cross-cut saw, rusted and blood-stained, the sharp teeth gleaming wickedly! Her knees shaking, she pictured the man striking at the dogs with it as they leaped at him. Then, suddenly, she remembered the piece of slimy wool caught in Rowdy's teeth. She knew now where it came from!

Her first impulse, when she was calmer, was to rush back through the woods. Who the man was or where he might be at the moment she had no idea, but the mere thought of him sent icy shivers up and down her spine. She was in the act of turning when from somewhere down the slope came a roaring crash as if a tree had fallen, and then the sound of shouting. The next instant she heard Rowdy's furious barking.

She knew what had happened! She knew as surely as if Rowdy were telling her in words. Down there at the foot of the slope her dog had come upon the man and was renewing the struggle that had cost the life of Tony.

She couldn't rush back through the woods, knowing that Rowdy was in danger! She couldn't even remain where she was! Something within her seemed to be urging her forward. With mouth dry and pulses racing, she crossed the clearing and made her way to the top of a slight rise.

The sounds of struggle had ceased, and for an instant, as she stood quivering with excitement, she had the feeling that she had just awakened from a nightmare, and that nothing she had seen or heard was real. It was as if she had

She tugged at the base of the tree across the tracks. It was too heavy!



just come for a pleasant little jaunt over the shoulder of the mountain. There at the base of it lay the roadbed, the rails gleaming.

Then as she turned she spied Rowdy! He was between her and the tracks, standing with forelegs widespread on the body of a man who lay squirming and helpless on his back, arms held protectingly over face and throat—a man in a ragged maroon sweater.

"Rowdy!" The restraining cry seemed to leap from her lips of its own accord. "Rowdy, don't hurt him!"

The dog lifted his head, teeth bared, ears flat.

"Just hold him there, Rowdy!"

Her voice trailed into startled silence as she spied something dark and massive twenty yards beyond her dog. There at right angles across the tracks lay a freshly felled young pine tree! While she gazed at it, wide-eyed, her mind groping, she seemed suddenly to hear her brother speaking to her: "That wreck over at White River . . . Sabotage . . . A suspicious looking character in a maroon sweater . . ."

In the distance a train was whistling. She whirled, caught her breath. A train racing to crash into that obstruction, leap from the rails and . . .

Again something within her seemed to urge her forward. With back bent and teeth clenched, she went flying down

the slope, weaving in and out among the stumps. The train whistle sounded again when she reached the base—louder, nearer! As she kicked off her skis and ran along the track she had a vague impression of Rowdy, still holding the man, looking at her questioningly.

Once more the warning sound of the whistle: two long blasts followed by two short ones. That would be for Dean's Crossing less than half a mile up the track. But from there on the roadbed was straight.

Reaching the pine, she straddled the base and tugged at it. Too heavy! She could hardly lift it. Now she could hear the rails singing! Rushing across the tracks, she seized the upper end of the tree. The sharp needles dug into her face as she lifted the tree and, staggering backward, turned it in a wide pivot on its base.

Now she had the tree parallel with the tracks. The upper end was in the ditch beside the roadbed, the heavy butt resting on one rail.

Suddenly the air came alive with a wild chaos of sound—the roar and clack of wheels on rail ends, the hiss of steam, the repeated blasts of a whistle. The engineer had seen her! He was

slowing down, but he never could stop the train in time.

With both hands clutching an upstanding branch near the base, she threw all her weight upon it. Up came the butt and—up—up—then down! Down toward her in the ditch!

Enveloped in a tangle of green needles, she lay panting as the train, a lumbering freight, went grinding with decreasing speed past her. She stared at the square-jawed, tight-lipped man who looked intently back at her from the engine cab—Mr. Merrick.

Men were running toward her up the tracks as she scrambled out from the tangle of branches—Mr. Merrick, the fireman, two brakemen. She turned her head and looked in the direction of Rowdy. He was still pinning down the man in the maroon sweater, but his ears were no longer flat. She thought if she were to call to him, he would wag his tail, but she was too shaken to trust her voice. So she remained motionless, hands clenched, struggling to keep herself outwardly calm for the moment—the glorious, triumphant moment—when she would look Mr. Merrick straight in the eye and tell him exactly what had happened!

ON THE FACE OF IT

By NELL GILES
Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"



Here are some simple secrets to help you achieve skin success

WHAT makes a girl pretty is sometimes hair and sometimes eyes, but always, too, it's good skin. Wouldn't you say that's true? I don't mean just skin without bumps or pimples, but that old peaches-and-cream look, which is a sort of smooth, clean scrubbedness with color shining through from underneath. It lights up a girl's whole face. It somehow makes her prettier than she really is.

The trouble is that people are always saying you have to be born with skin like that! But it isn't exactly so. There's much you can do to make your skin that way, and that's what we take up in this article.

To get the right start, we'll have to explain that some skin is like the peeling of new potatoes—thin, dry, and very much affected by what happens underneath it. Now, if you scrub a new potato hard with a brush, the skin will come right off because it is tender and as thin as tissue paper. Sometimes the skin on your face behaves like this new potato peeling and it freckles easily, gets bumpy if you so much as eat an extra chocolate drop, and is otherwise as pesky as possible. (If you have a flourishing case of acne, it's a good idea to consult the family doctor. The skin condition may

not be serious but he'll probably suggest treatment that will clear it up more quickly than just nature's own course.)

But some skin is like the peeling of peaches—thick, moist, smooth. Then there's the problem of keeping it that way.

So you see, whether you have good skin now or whether you're just working for it, it takes a little trouble, but not more than it's worth. On the opposite page is a chart of simple things to do which make your skin prettier than ever.

Here are some additional tips to help the really serious ones to work on this skin problem.

A good way to take out blackheads is with a mixture of salt and cold cream. Once a week is often enough. Use just half a teaspoonful of salt—just common table salt—with cold cream mixed in the palm of your hand. Rub it into your chin, forehead, and nose, in little round circles, and then rinse it off with lukewarm water. Never punch or poke at blackheads, because that just takes the top off and doesn't do any good—the blackhead grows right up again! And don't try to hide bumps or pimples under powders or creams—unless you want them to show more and stay with you longer!

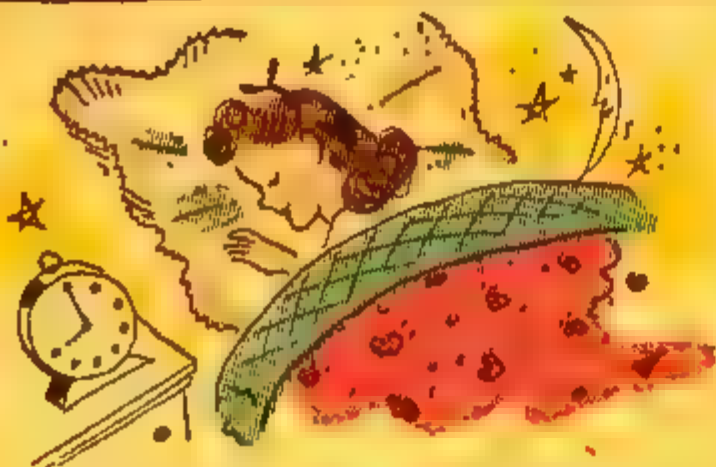
If you have a little trouble with constipation, or if your

skin always looks sort of thick and yellowish, drink a glass of hot water every morning with the juice of half a lemon.

It's pretty hard right at holiday time to try to give up chocolate and desserts, and we think it isn't necessary if you can just make yourself cut down a little. Diet, just the same, is so important to beautiful skin that we all have to say, "No more candy, thank you," when we've reached our limit. With me, the limit is two pieces; otherwise there are little blemishes next morning. Overeating is not such a hot idea anyway. It's a habit that makes a girl too fat and at the same time takes away her lovely skin. And for that reason, which is sort of two-in-one, what we say is go slow on everything sweet, everything with chocolate, everything with nuts. If you do all these things, don't be surprised if everyone tells you that you're prettier than ever before!

Tell us what is your greatest problem in being smooth. As many as possible will be answered in the next issue of this magazine. Address your letters to The Make-the-Most-of-Your-Looks Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Complexion Chart



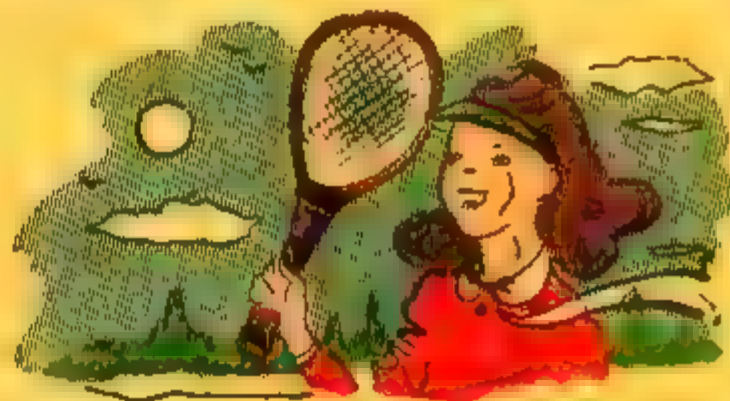
Get as much sleep as possible. If you're thirteen years old you should sleep at least ten hours of the twenty-four—a little more if you're younger and a little less if you're older.



Drink at least three glasses of milk daily and at least five glasses of water. Milk is especially needed for a very Important Mineral named Calcium, required by bones and teeth. Water is necessary for proper elimination.



Eat at least two vegetables such as green beans, carrots, lettuce, greens, or cabbage for every starchy vegetable.



Spend at least one hour a day outdoors in good hard exercise; roller skating or ice skating, skiing or tennis or swimming—something that's fun and that will make you work hard to win. Perhaps this advice is unnecessary, but it's worth giving, anyway. And fun to follow! Just let yourself go, in this game out of doors. Be with your friends, play hard. What with exercise and enjoyment your skin will look clearer and softer—even more glowing.

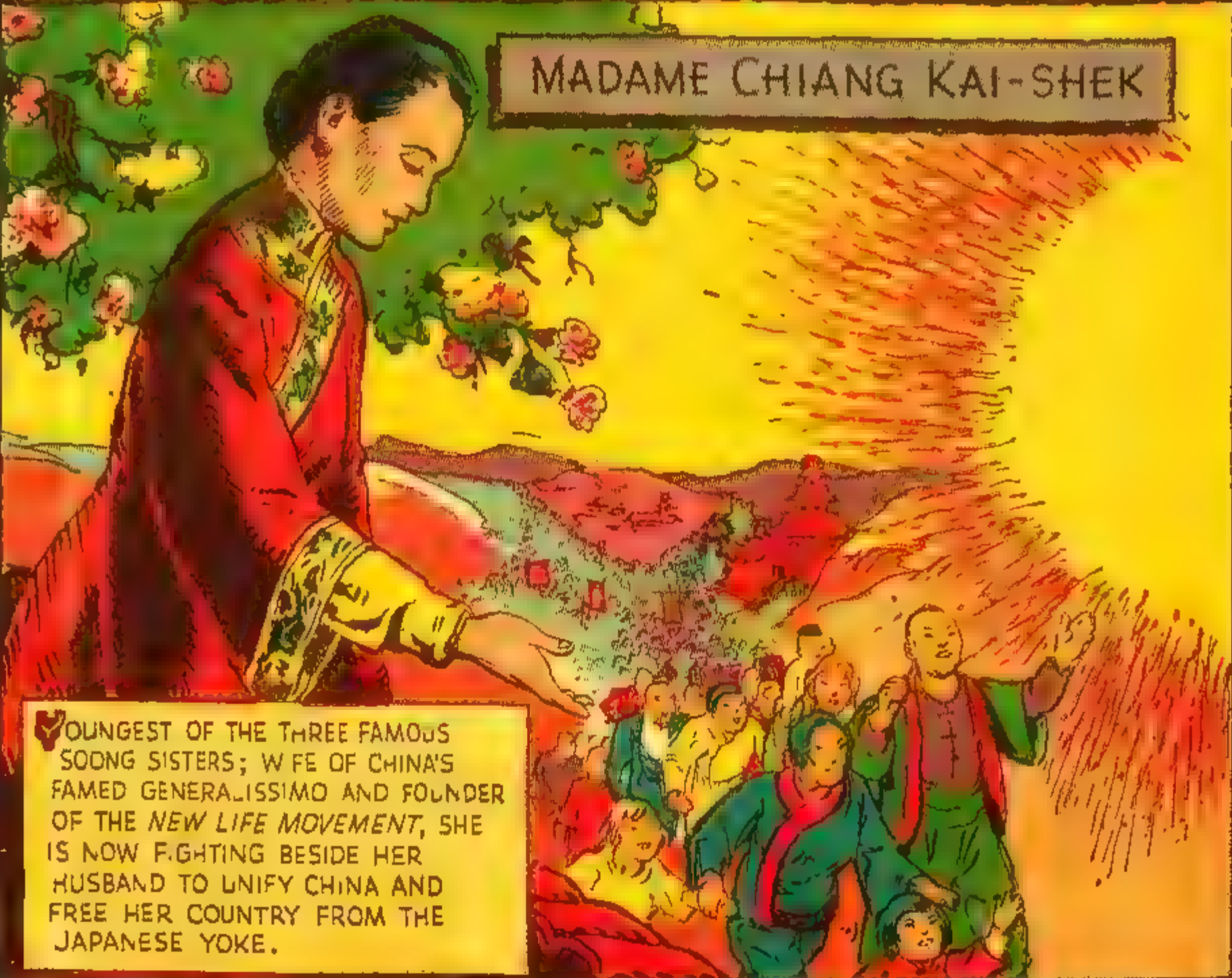


Keep your face clean. Each of the other four simple ways to have a pretty skin is important. But none of them will work unless you do this one, too. We think nothing equals good old soap and water, and with the help of a complexion brush you get out all the dust and dirt that seem to stick the hardest. This makes you feel as blooming as you look!

FIRST LADY OF CHINA

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

YOUNGEST OF THE THREE FAMOUS SOONG SISTERS; WIFE OF CHINA'S FAMED GENERALISSIMO AND FOUNDER OF THE *NEW LIFE MOVEMENT*, SHE IS NOW FIGHTING BESIDE HER HUSBAND TO UNIFY CHINA AND FREE HER COUNTRY FROM THE JAPANESE YOKE.



IN CHINA, ABOUT 1900, THERE WERE THREE SISTERS...

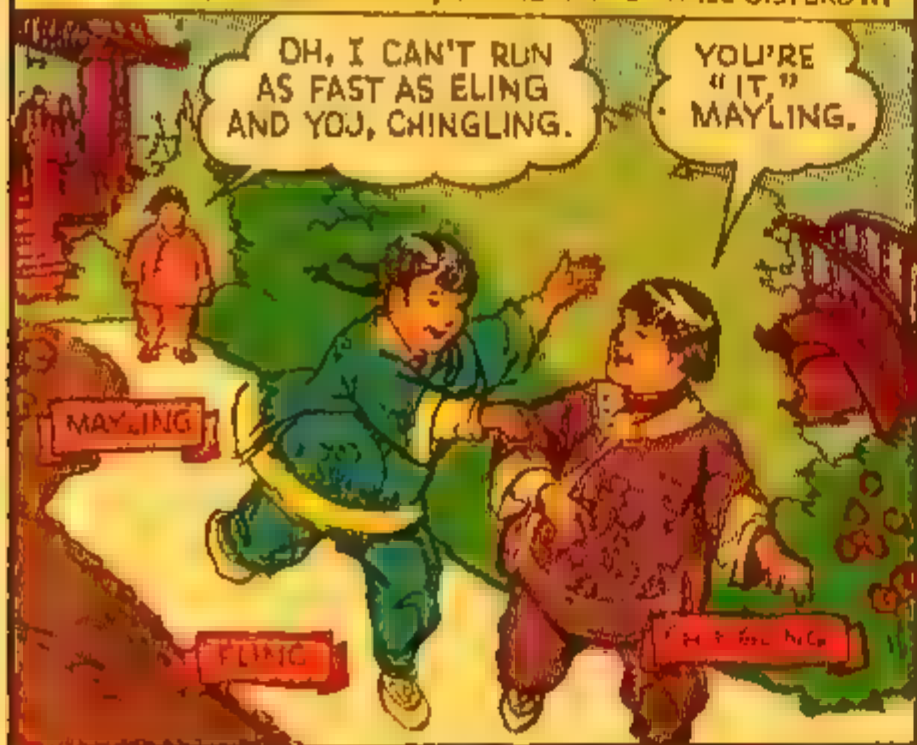
OH, I CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS ELING AND YOU, CHINGLING.

YOU'RE "IT," MAYLING.

MAYLING

ELING

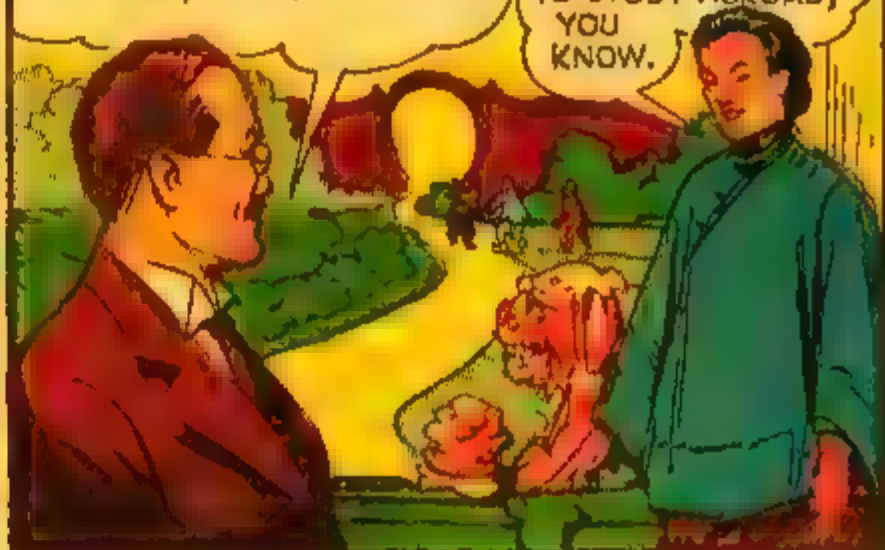
CHINGLING

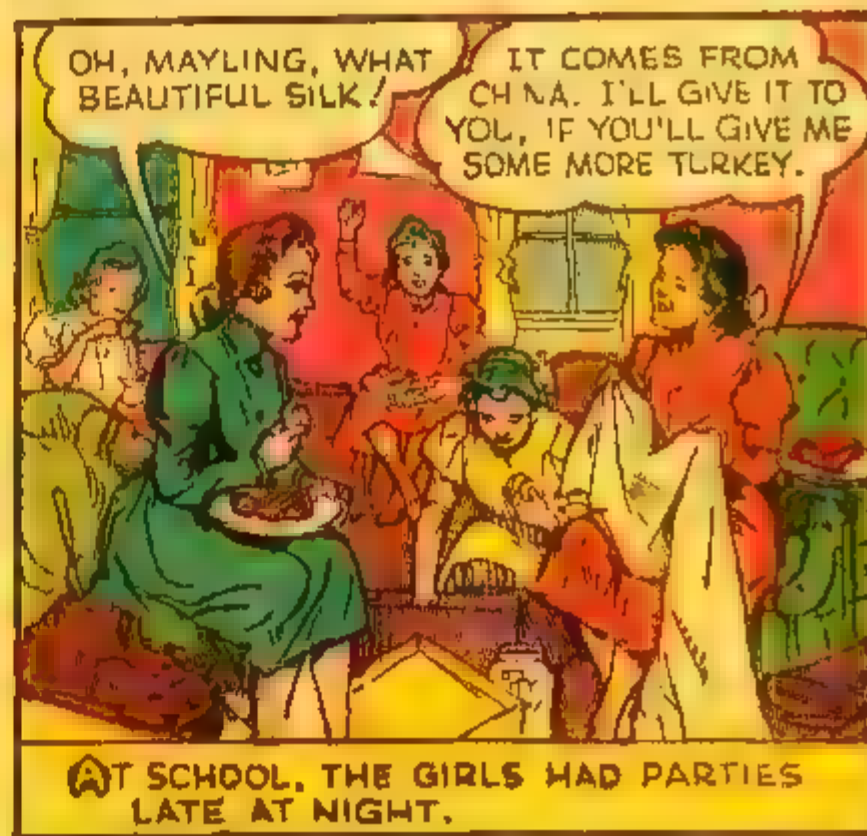
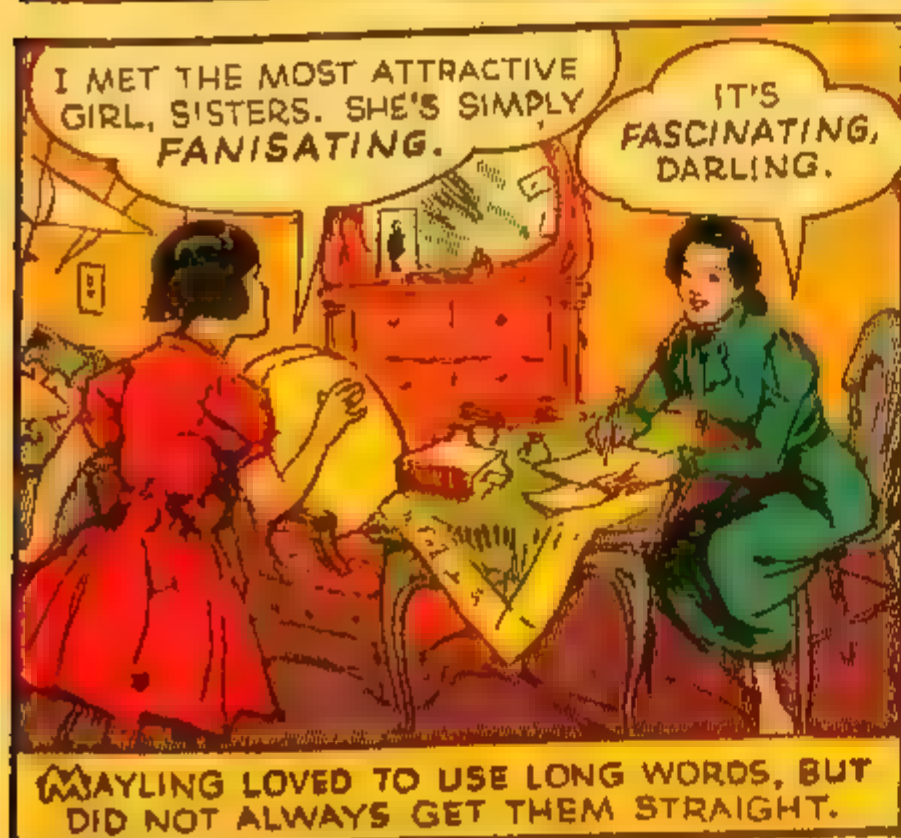
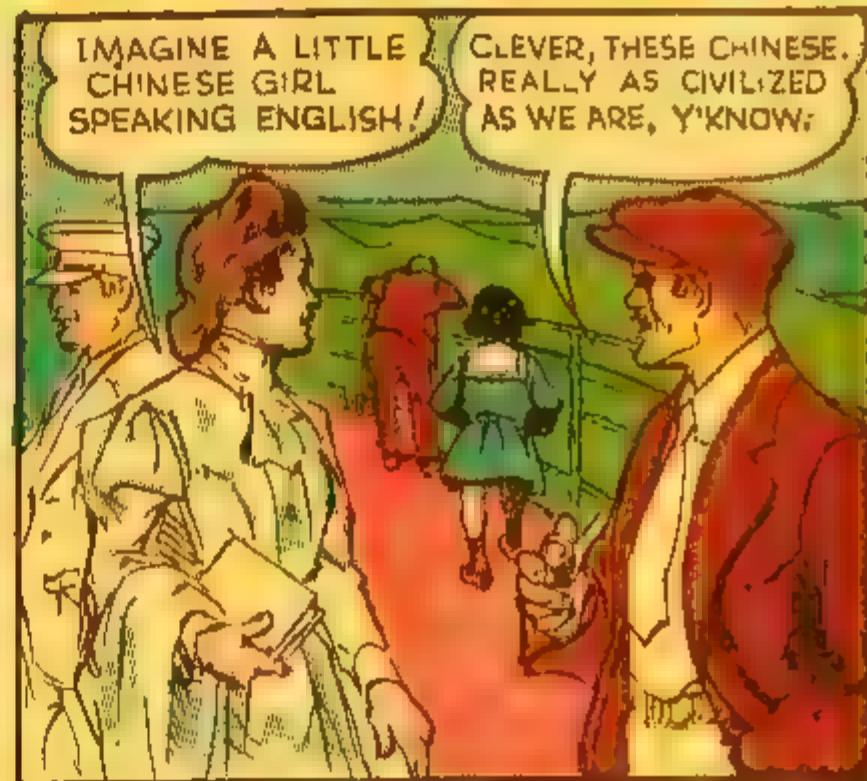
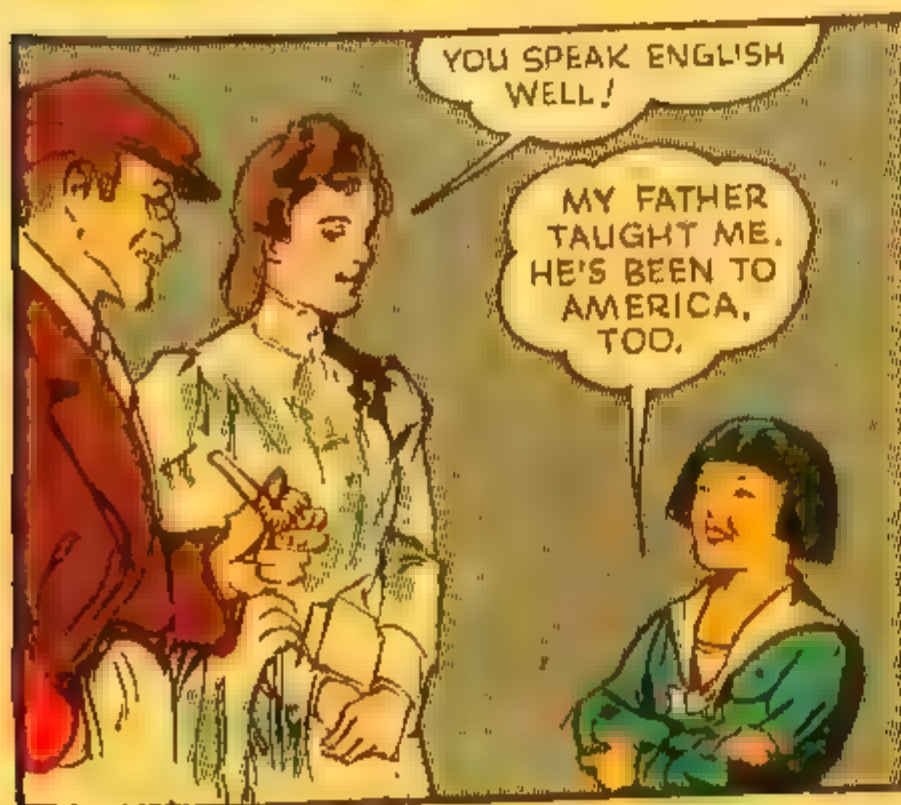
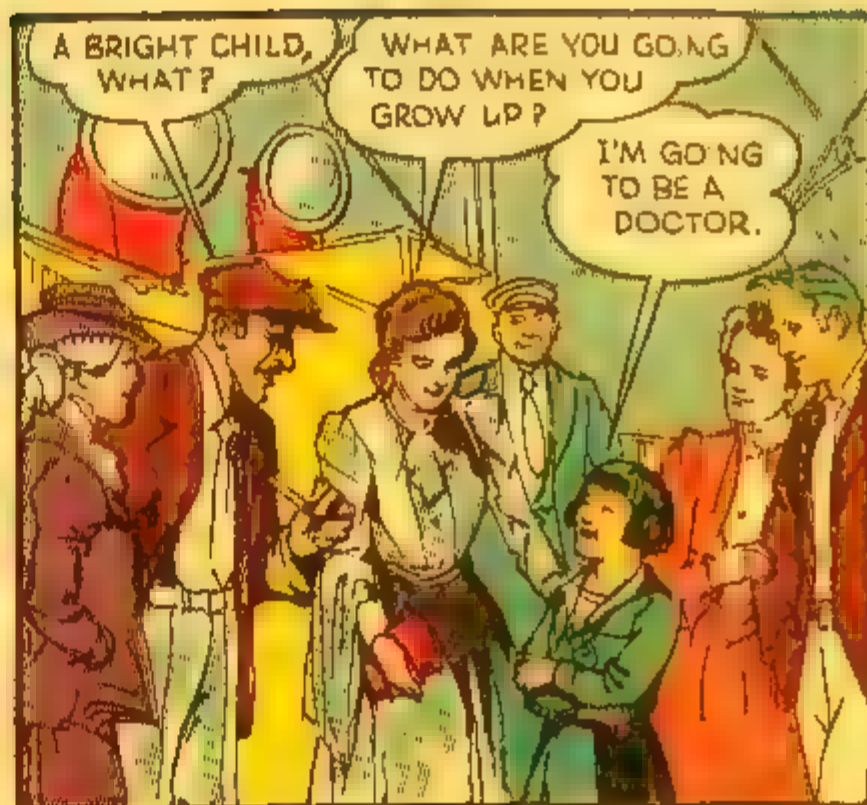
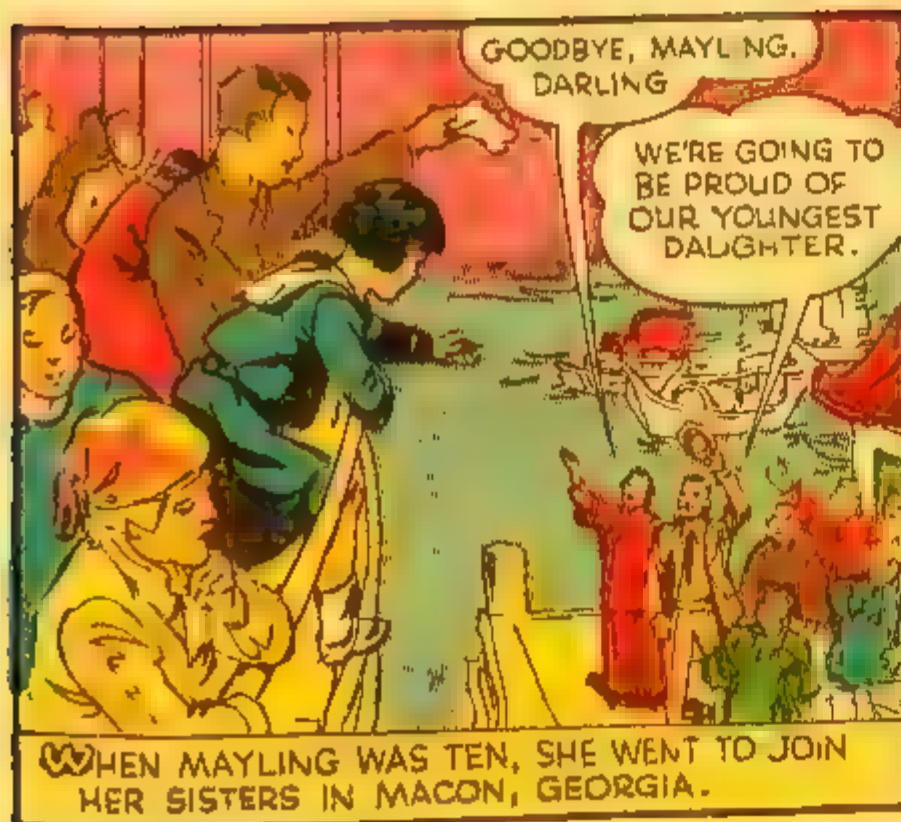


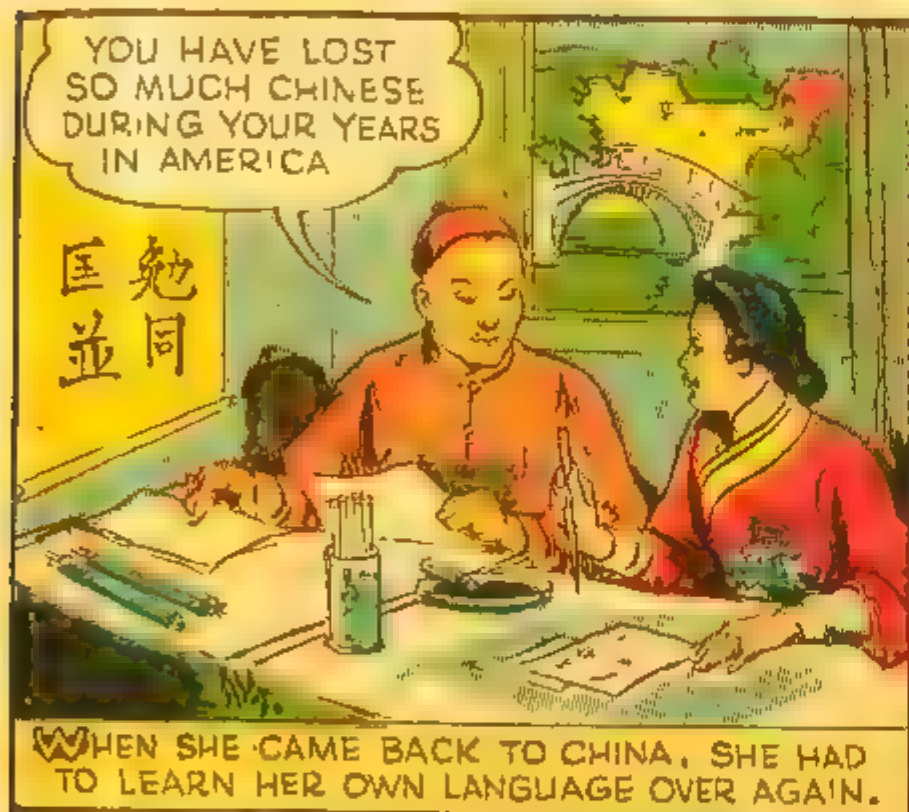
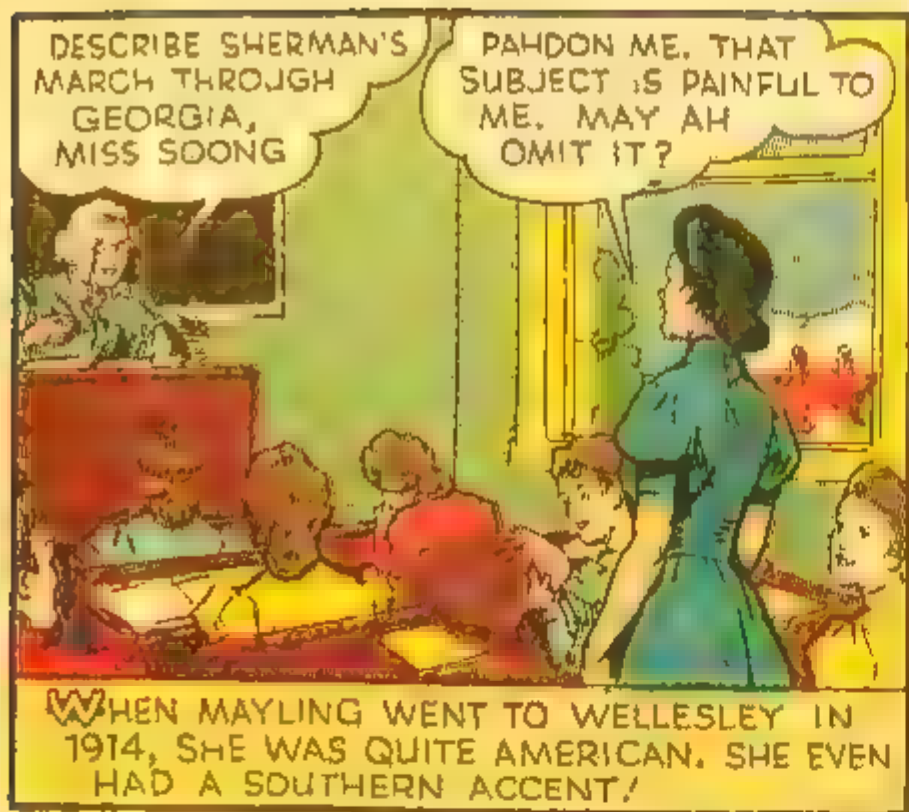
MOTHER AND FATHER SOONG WERE AMBITIOUS FOR THEIR DAUGHTERS.

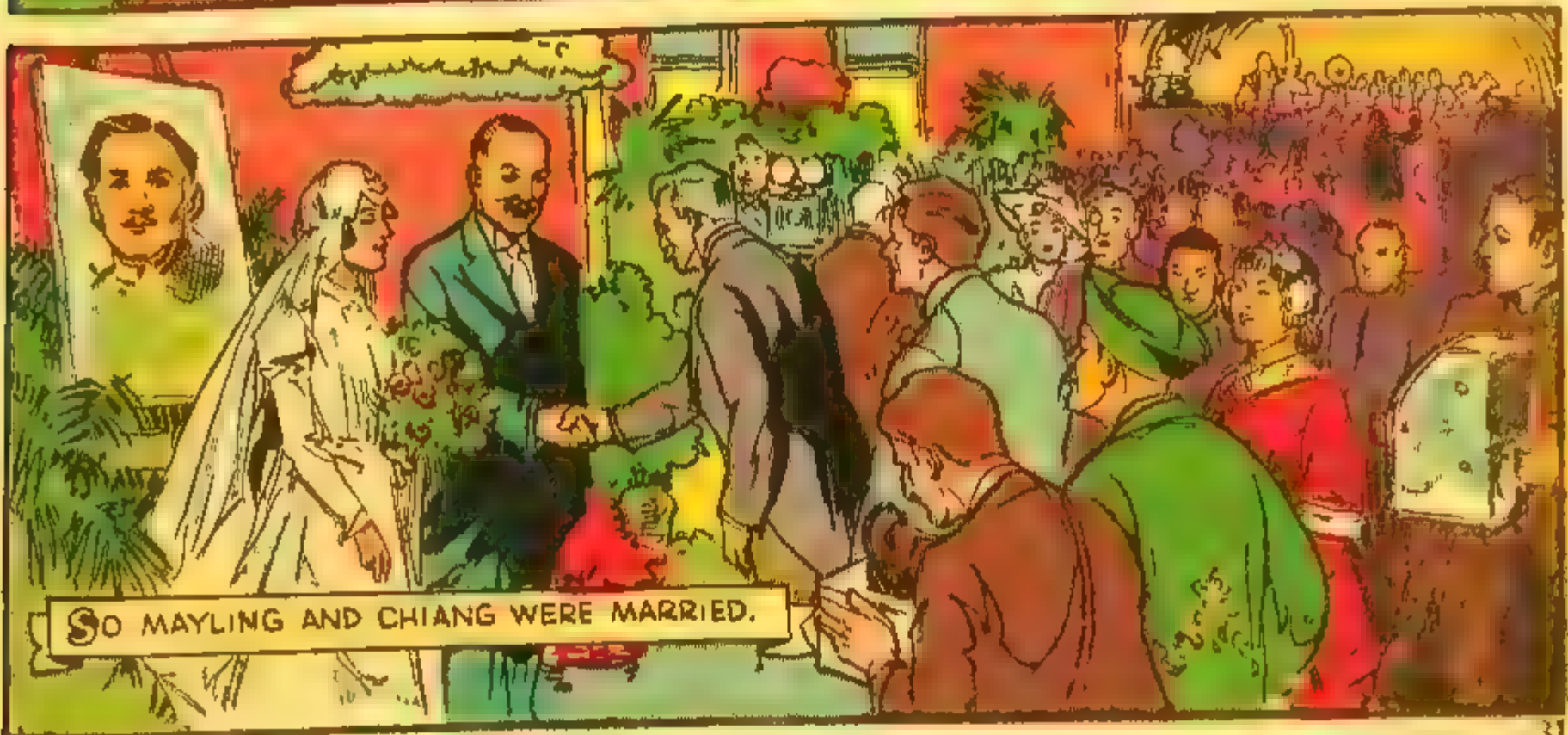
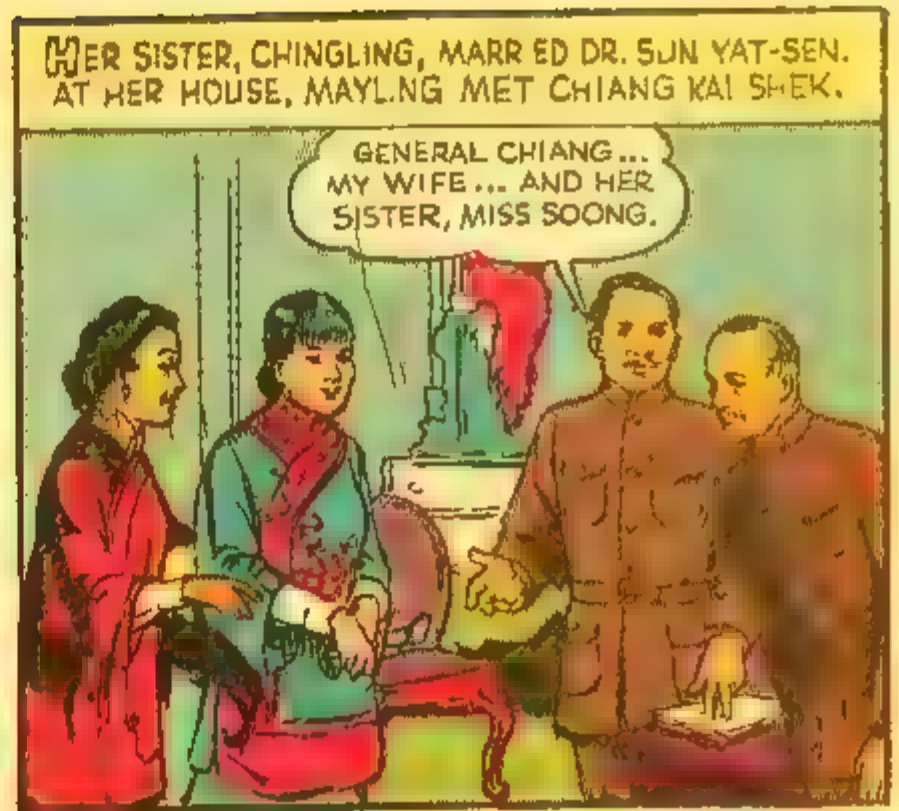
MY SONS AND DAUGHTERS WILL BE EDUCATED IN AMERICA, JUST AS I WAS.

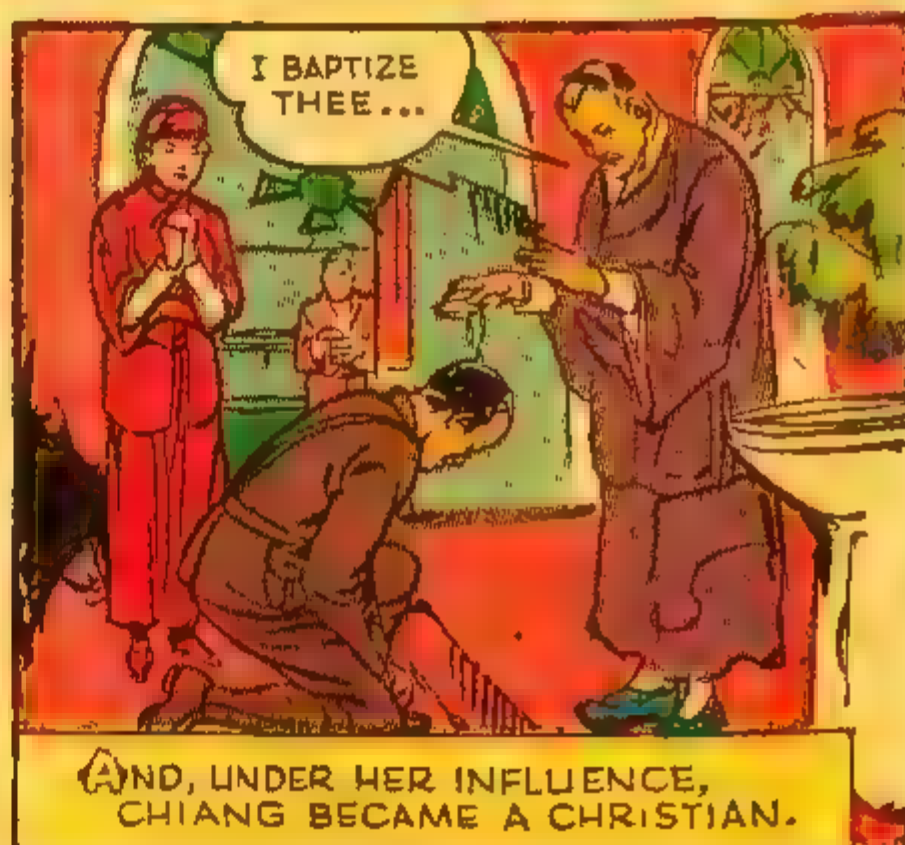
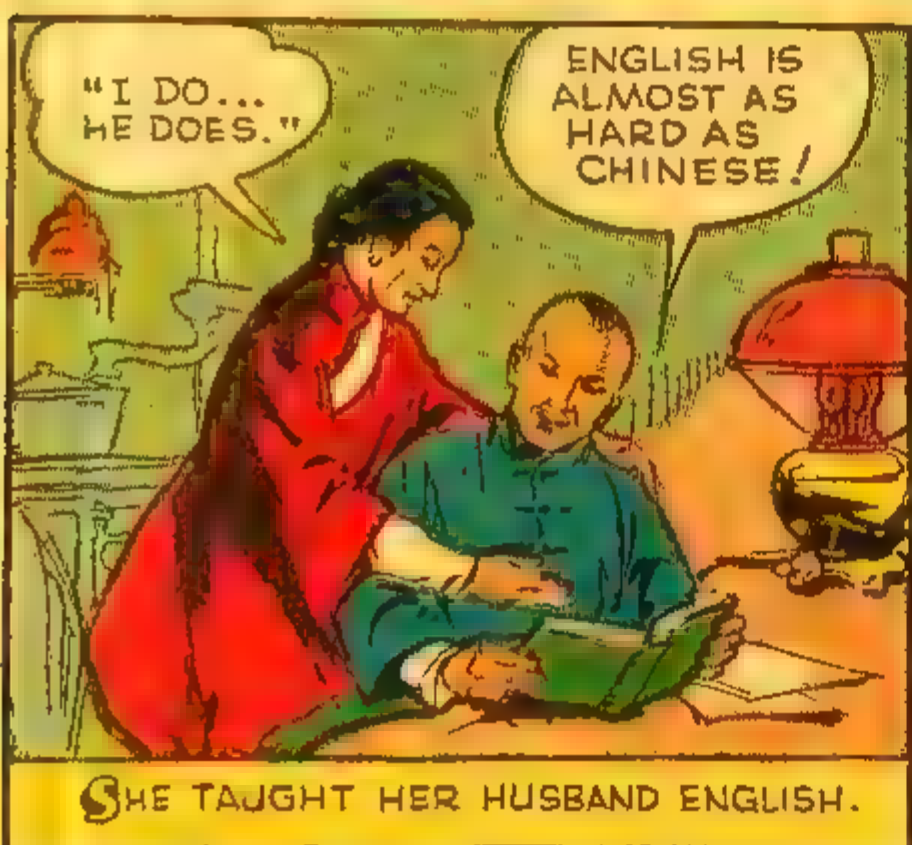
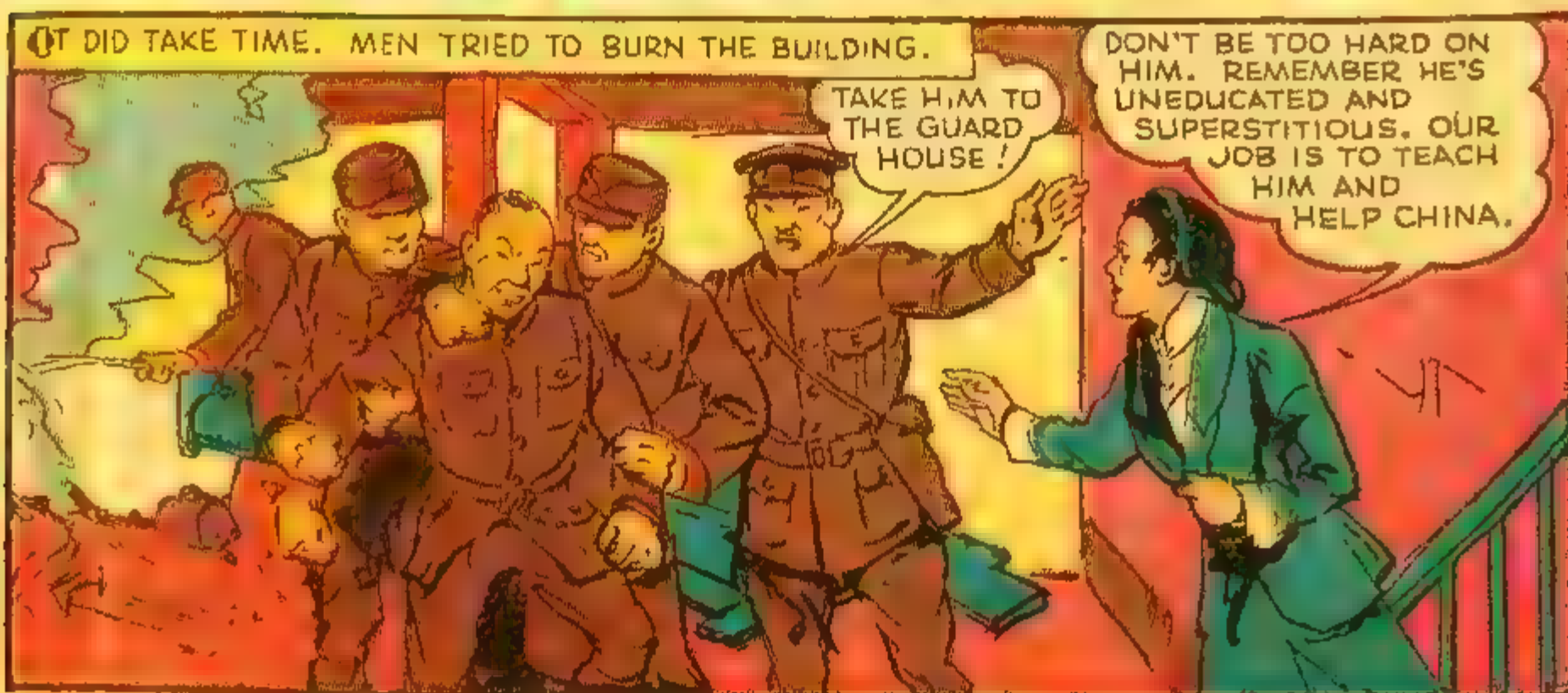
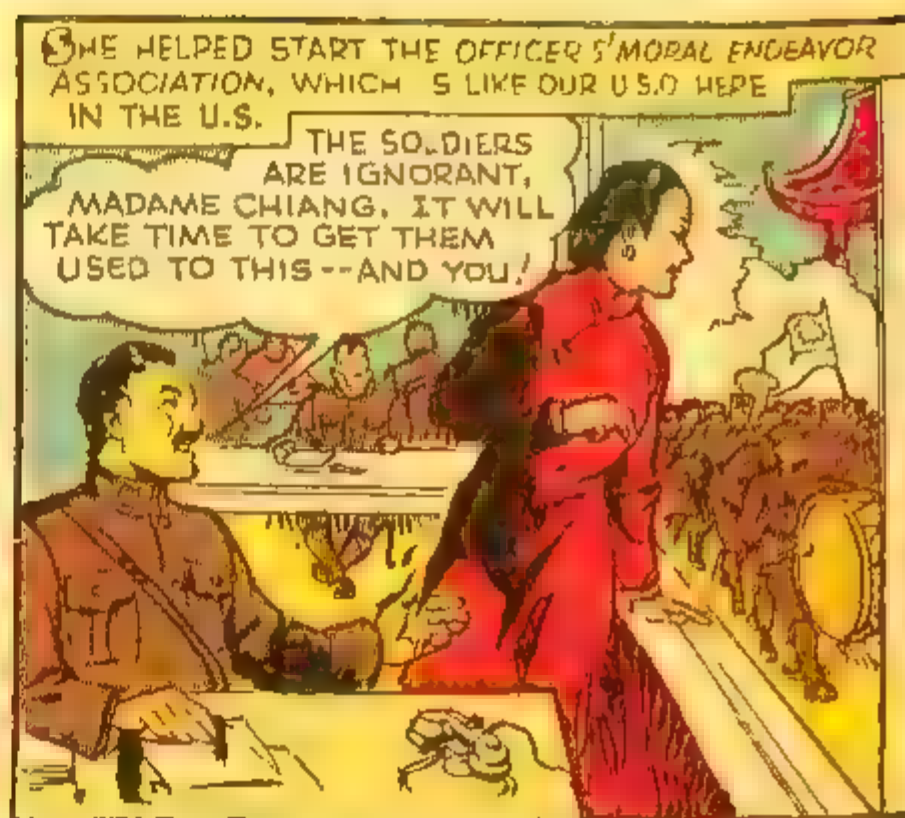
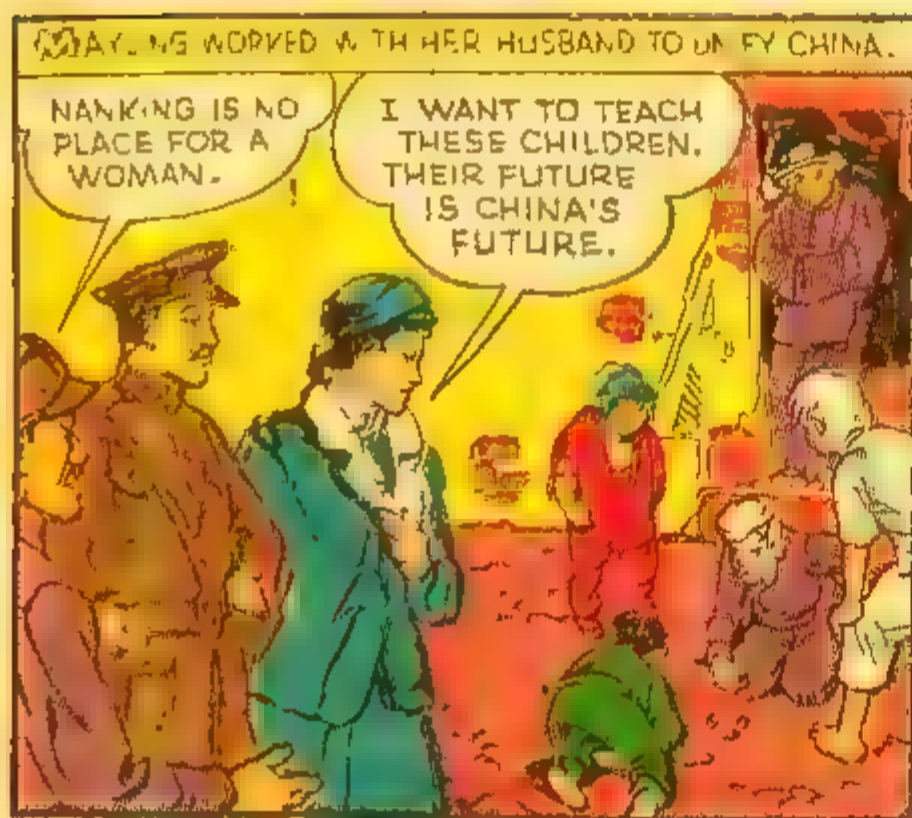
BUT CHARLES, IT'S NOT THE CUSTOM FOR CHINESE GIRLS TO STUDY ABROAD, YOU KNOW.











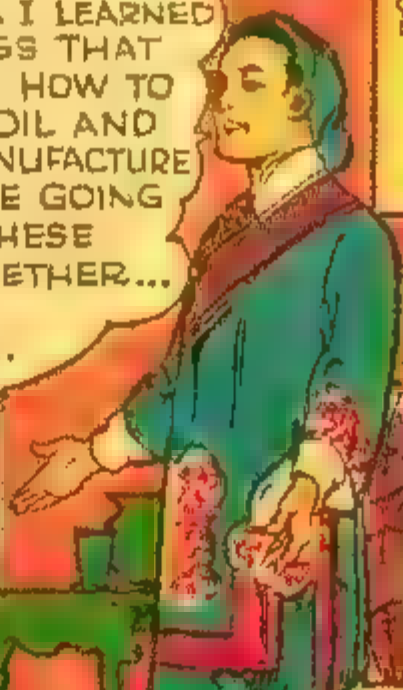


WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE PEOPLE IN ORDER TO HELP THEM.

PEOPLE OF CHINA, IN AMERICA I LEARNED MANY THINGS THAT ARE GOOD! HOW TO SAVE THE SOIL AND HOW TO MANUFACTURE --AND WE'RE GOING TO LEARN THESE THINGS TOGETHER... THESE AND MANY MORE.

SHE STARTED HER FAMOUS NEW LIFE MOVEMENT.

MADAME CHIANG TRAVELLED EVERYWHERE WITH HER HUSBAND.



THE NEW LIFE MOVEMENT WILL MEAN NEW LIVES FOR MY COUNTRYMEN! FACTORIES, GOOD SANITATION, BETTER HOUSING...

YES, BUT WHAT'S THE GENERALISSIMO GOING TO DO ABOUT JAPAN, MADAME CHIANG?



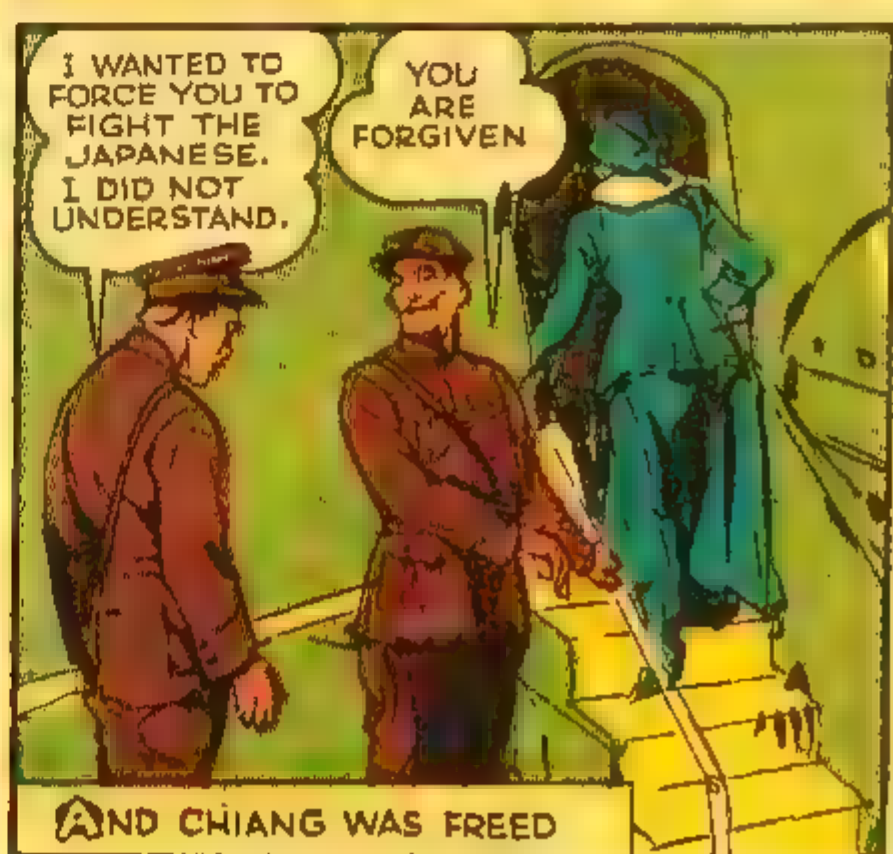
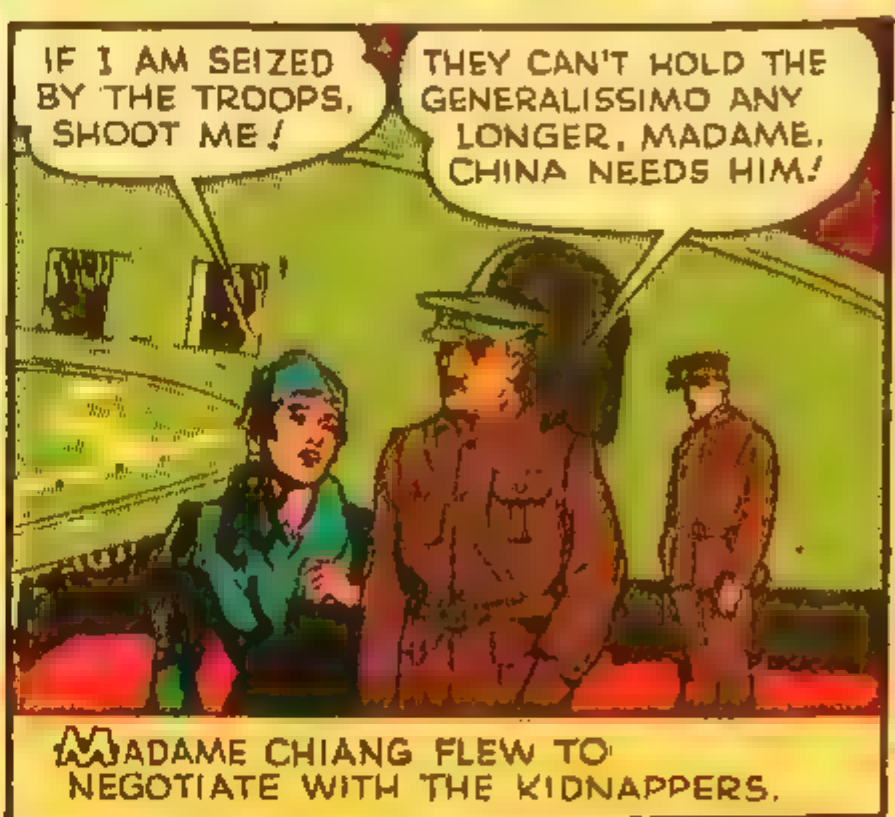
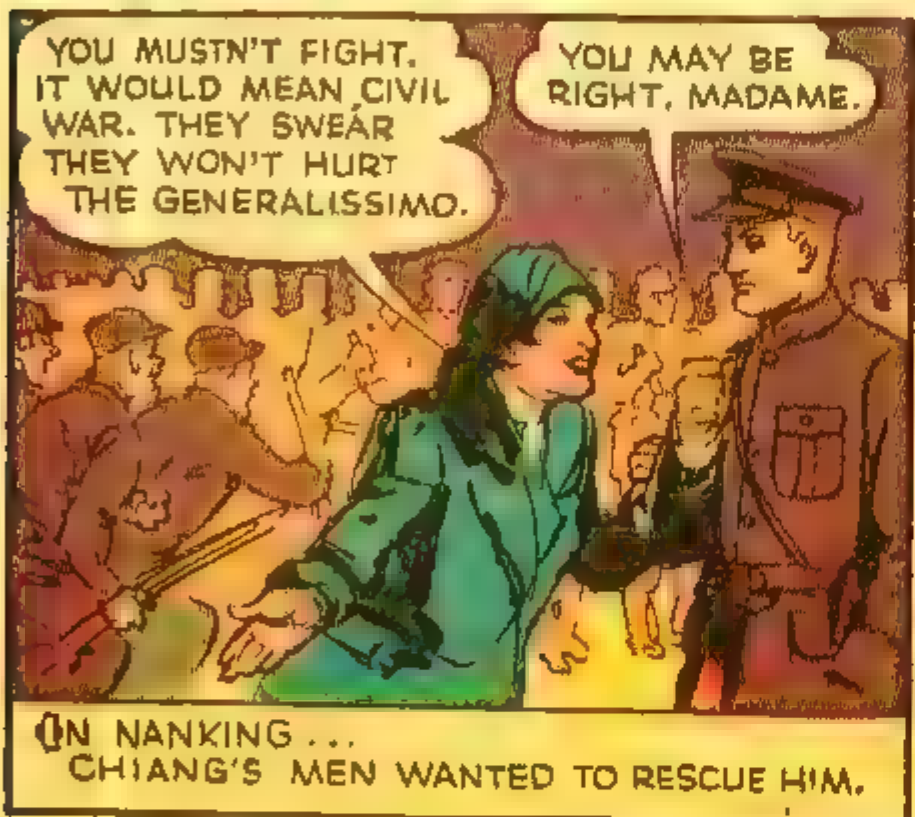
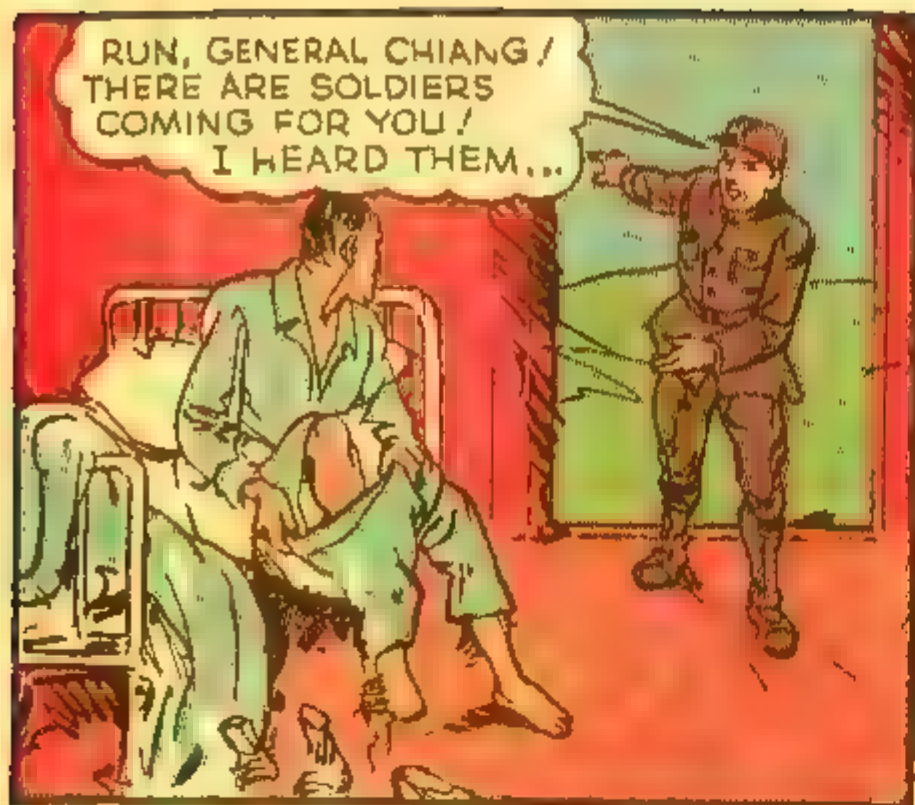
IF YOU MEAN, HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GOING TO STAND FOR THE JAPANESE OVER-RUNNING CHINA... UNTIL WE ARE UNITED... AND THAT'S AS LONG AS WE CAN.

WILL CHIANG NEVER FIGHT? THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER BATTLE IN THE NORTH.

CHIANG WILL WAIT UNTIL HE IS READY. BUT I HAVE A PLAN.



Meanwhile...





HOW THE
PEOPLE CHEER
THE CHIANGS!

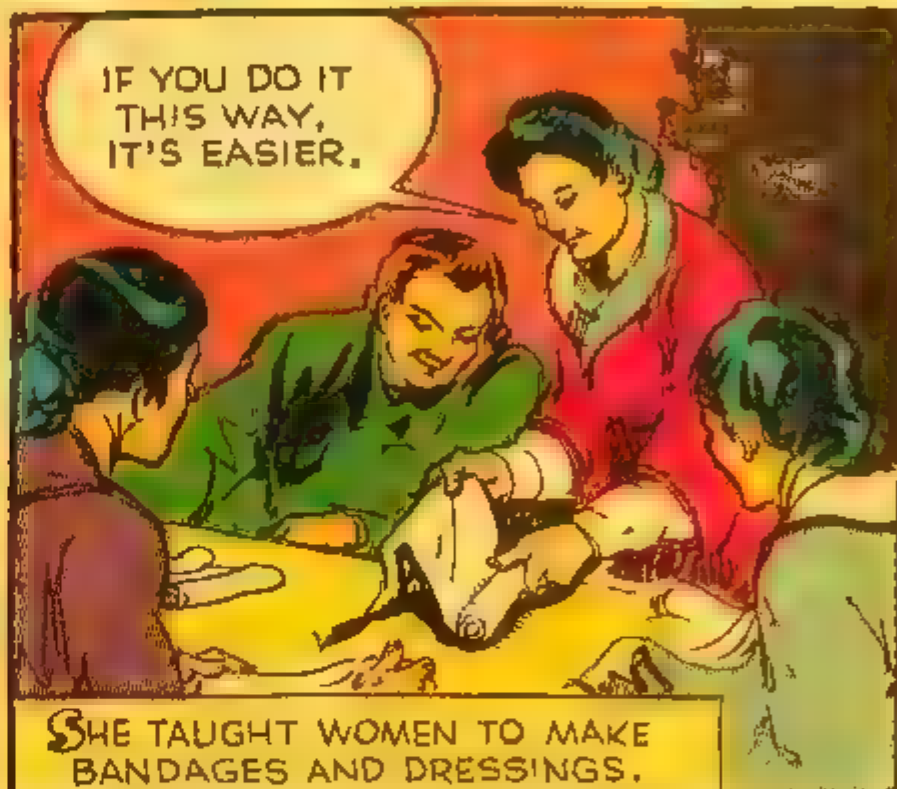
AND NOW I MUST
LEAD THEM INTO WAR--
-- JAPAN HAS GONE
TOO FAR.

THEY CAME BACK ON CHRISTMAS DAY.



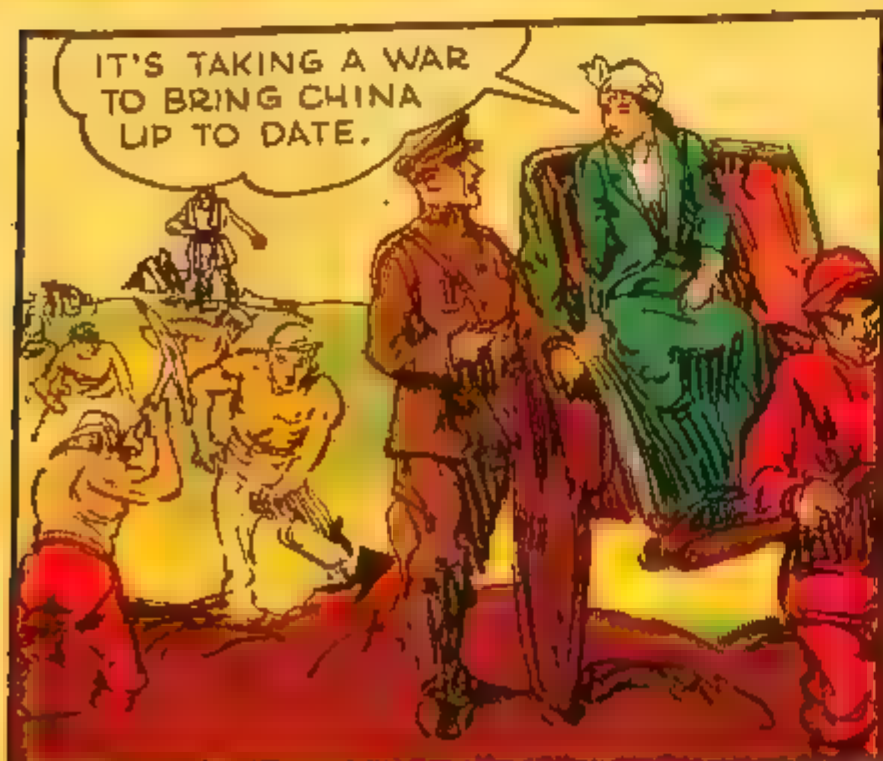
IT IS UP TO ALL THE
WOMEN OF CHINA
TO DO ALL THEY
CAN IN THIS
EMERGENCY...

MADAME CHIANG PLUNGED INTO WAR WORK.



IF YOU DO IT
THIS WAY,
IT'S EASIER.

SHE TAUGHT WOMEN TO MAKE
BANDAGES AND DRESSINGS.



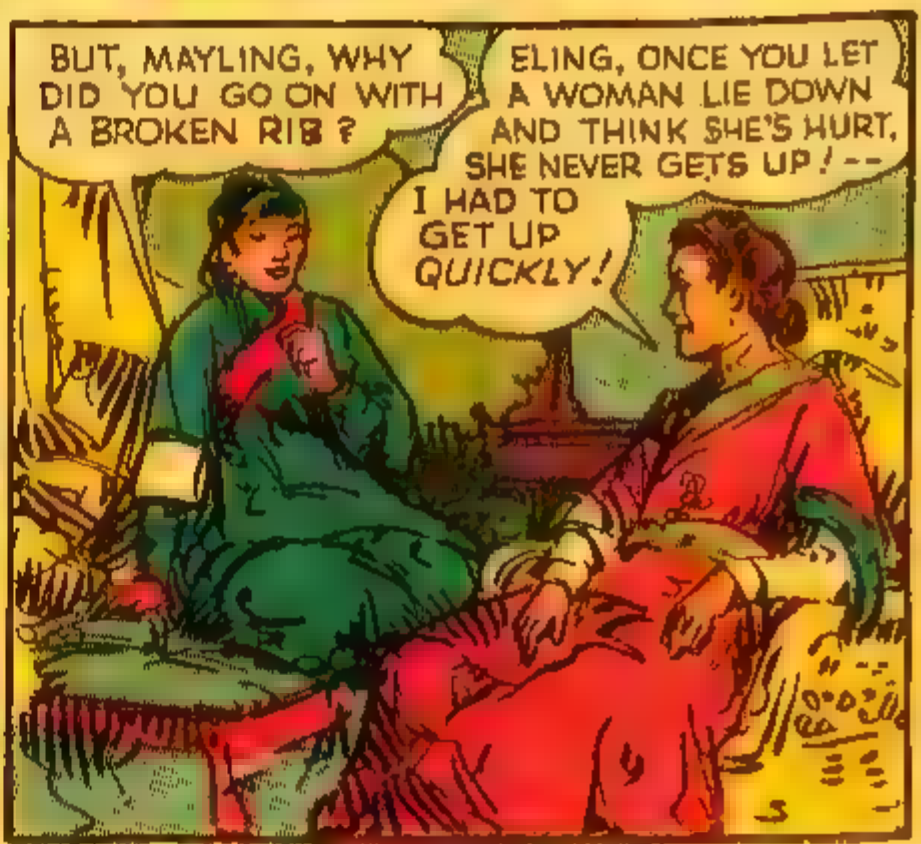
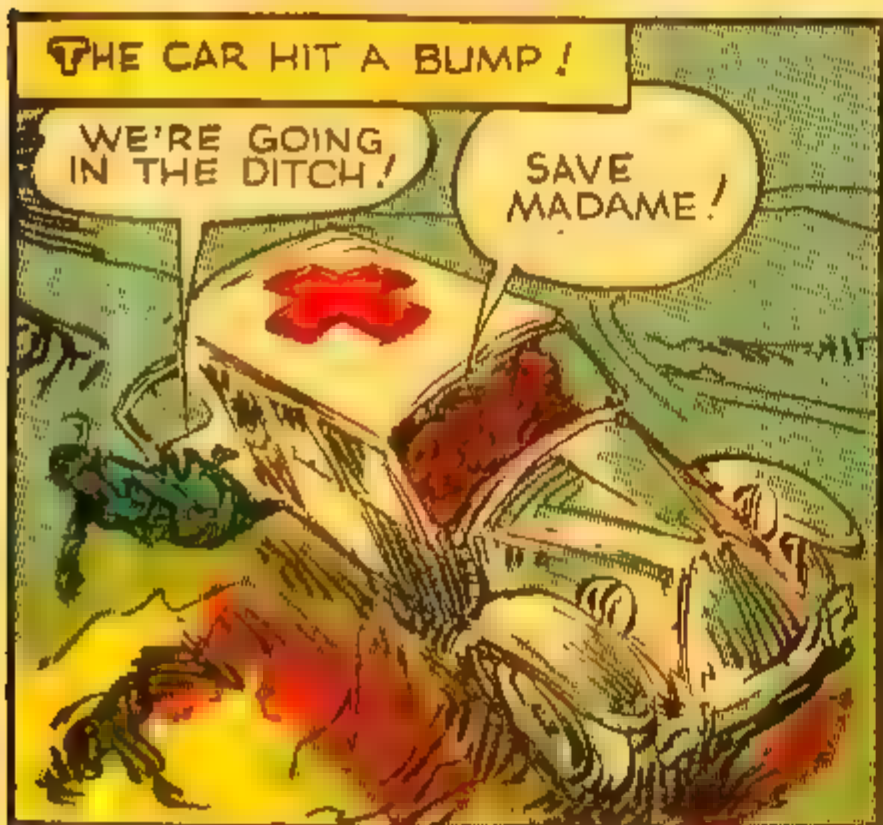
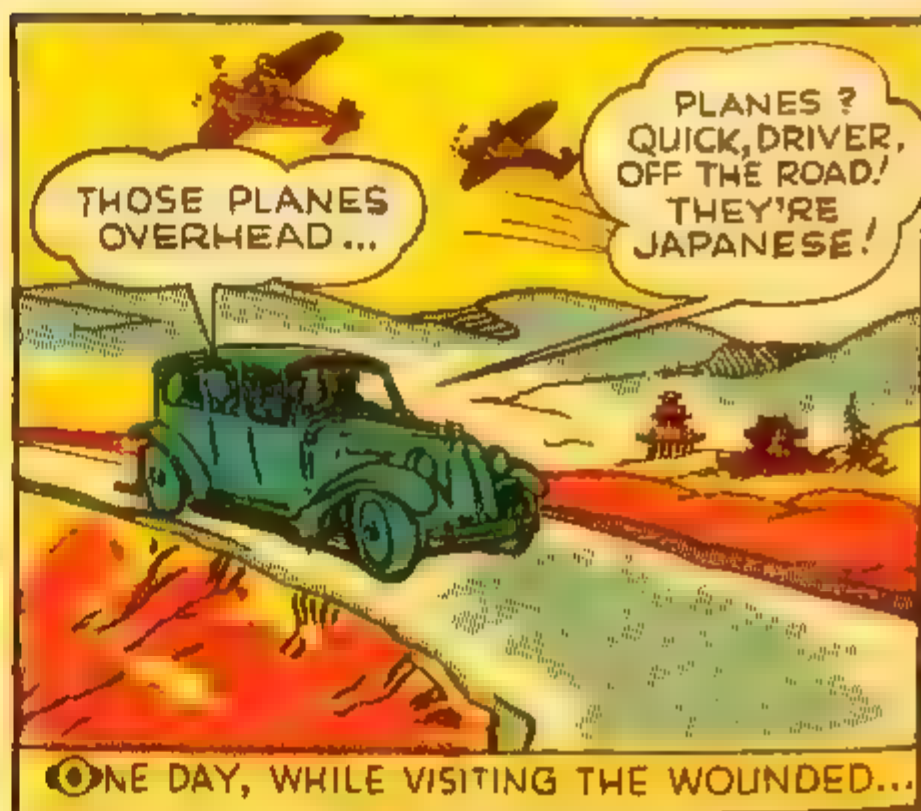
IT'S TAKING A WAR
TO BRING CHINA
UP TO DATE.

SANITARY EQUIPMENT WAS INSTALLED.



THANK GOODNESS THE
MEDICAL SUPPLIES
ARRIVED FROM AMERICA!

SHE TOOK CARE OF THE HOMELESS.



I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE TO DEAL WITH THE FOREIGN PLANE SALESMEN, AND WE WANT THE BEST BARGAINS FOR CHINA.

BUT THESE ARE SUPPLY TRUCKS, MADAME.

THEN LET THEM SUPPLY THESE CHILDREN WITH A WAY TO SAFETY!

CHIANG MADE HIS WIFE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE AERONAUTICAL COMMISSION.

BUT MADAME-- WE ARE PEASANTS. WE MUSTN'T STEP IN THE CAR OF THE GENERALISSIMO.

THE GENERAL SSIMO COMMANDS YOU GO TO A SAFE PLACE.

SHE WAS IN CHUNGKING DURING THE WORST AIR RAIDS.

THEY ARE THE FAMOUS SOONG SISTERS.

THEY SAY MADAME CHIANG IS THE REAL LEADER OF CHINA.

WE HAVE BUT ONE COURSE -- WE ALL MUST WORK TOGETHER.

FRIENDS IN AMERICA... THE PEOPLE OF CHINA ARE FIGHTING YOUR FIGHT... FOR FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY.

MADAME CHIANG FIGHTS ON FOR CHINA AND DEMOCRACY...
THE FIRST LADY OF CHINA.

HANDMADE *and* HANDSOME

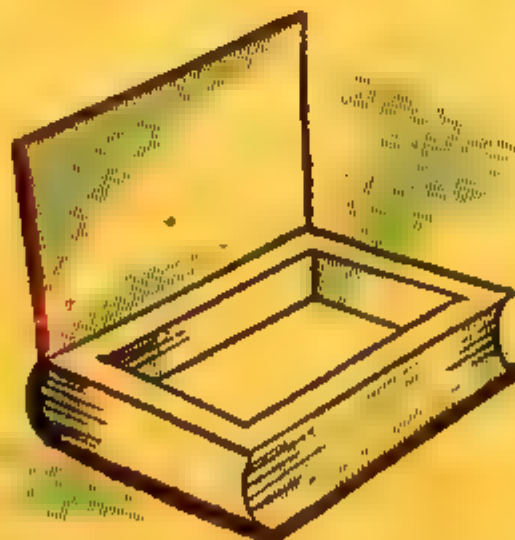
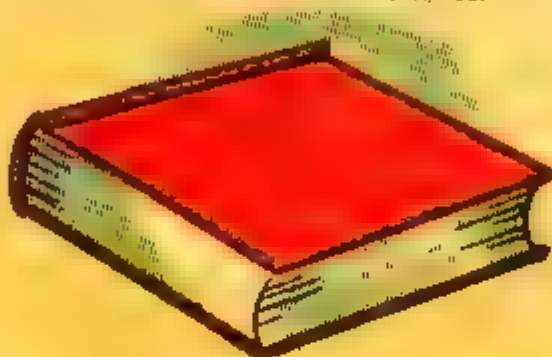
By MARY JOYSON

The two go together when you follow these suggestions of gifts easy and amusing to make for relatives, friends—or yourself!

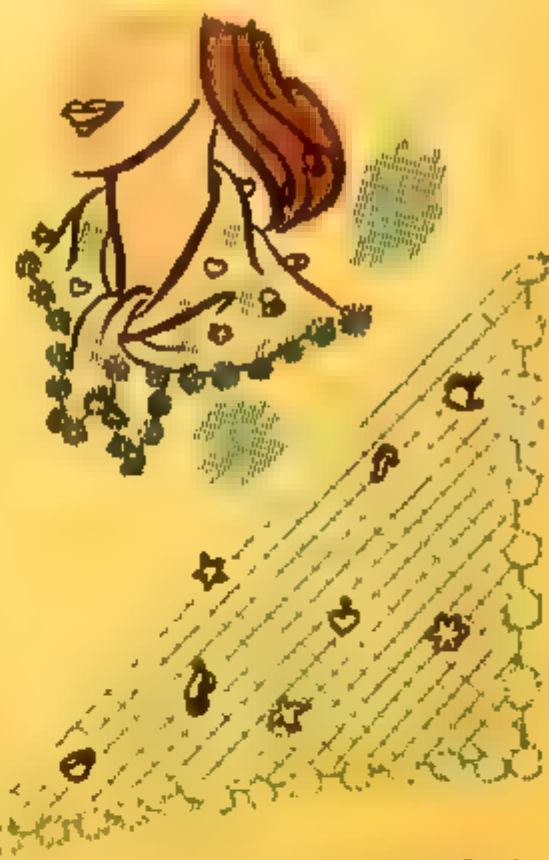
ANY girl can make smart gifts for holidays and birthdays that will delight her family and her friends. Have you ever gone shopping for something inexpensive but cute, and come home again, your meager purse still unopened? You just couldn't find anything different or good enough! Well, here it is. Open up that slim purse, unbutton your imagination, drag out the old paste pot, scissors, needles, and other such simple tools. With art and patience on your side, you can manufacture some novelties which your dearest friends will cherish—if you can bear to part with these snazzy results of hours of fun.

We are depending on you to use all your talents. We supply the general directions—you do the rest!

fit the picture you have chosen. Paint the rim of the plate with brown tempera paint; and if you like it shiny, when dry, add a coat of shellac. Glue the picture onto cardboard of the same size; cover it with cellophane; and mount it to the back, below the rim, with another small piece of gummed tape. If you like this and want to do another, try cutting a design around the edge of the plate first as in the illustration.



Book Box. An unwanted book can be turned into a very amusing box. With a pair of scissors, cut away all the text, leaving just the margins. The text itself usually makes excellent guide lines for cutting. Now paste all the margins together, page by page, until you have four solid little walls. That's all! When visitors arrive and ask for a pencil or clips, hand them the box (in which you have, of course, pencils and stuff like that) and remark: "How do you like my latest book? It has just come out!"



Charm Kerchief. Crochet with bright wool in simple filet stitch a triangular kerchief. Add gay charms stitched on at intervals and an edge of tiny pompons. To make these pompons, wind wool around finger about fifteen times, slip wool off finger, and bind loops tightly together in one place. Cut loops with scissors.

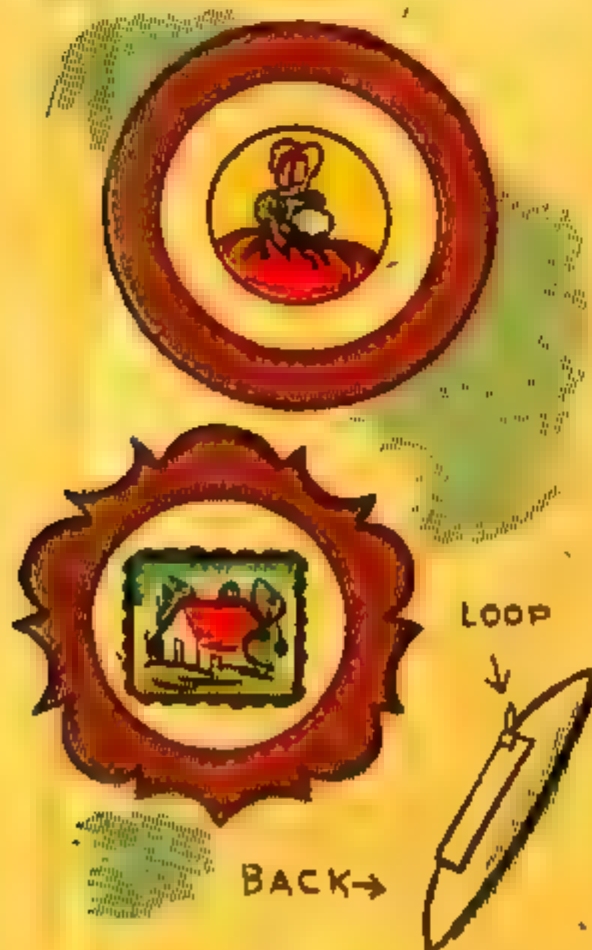
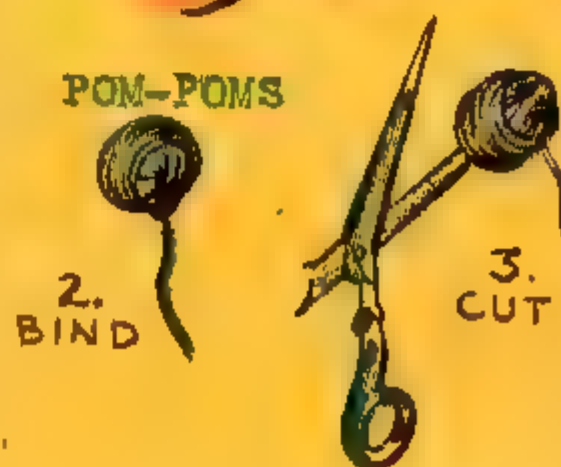
1. WIND



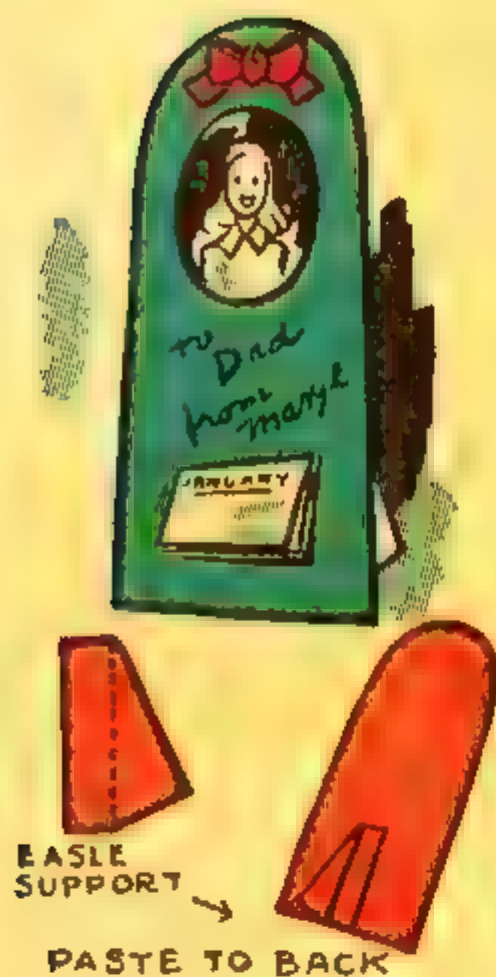
POM-POMS

2. BIND

3. CUT



Paper-plate Picture Frames. Plain white paper plates of the sturdier kind make darling picture frames. Cut out the center in square or circular shape to

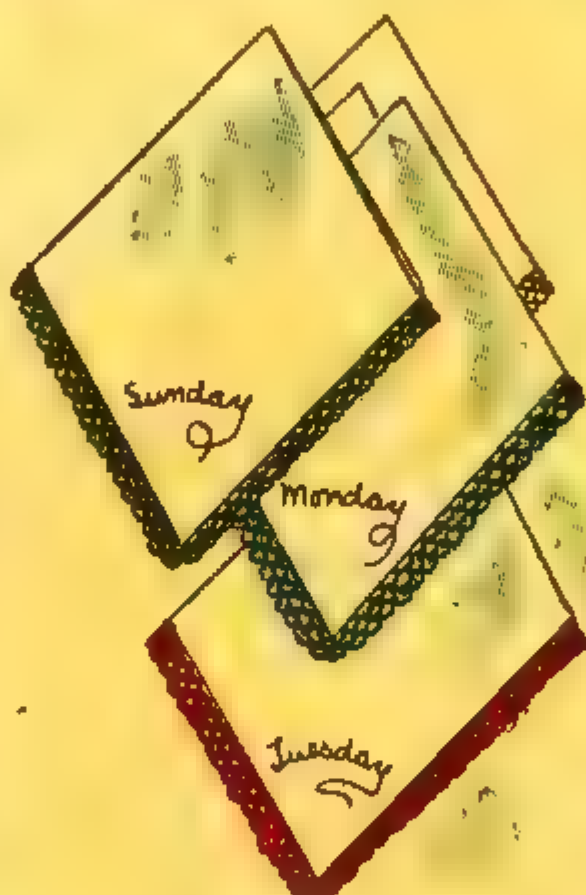


Calendar. Here's something different for the nicest man you know. Buy a small calendar at the dime store. For background use cardboard (the kind that comes from the laundry is good) that you cover with bright, solid colored papers (blue is nice). Mount your own best snapshot, cut circular, near the top, using tumbler edge for guide. Glue calendar near bottom. Back with a sturdy easel, also made of cardboard, and garnish with a snazzy bow.



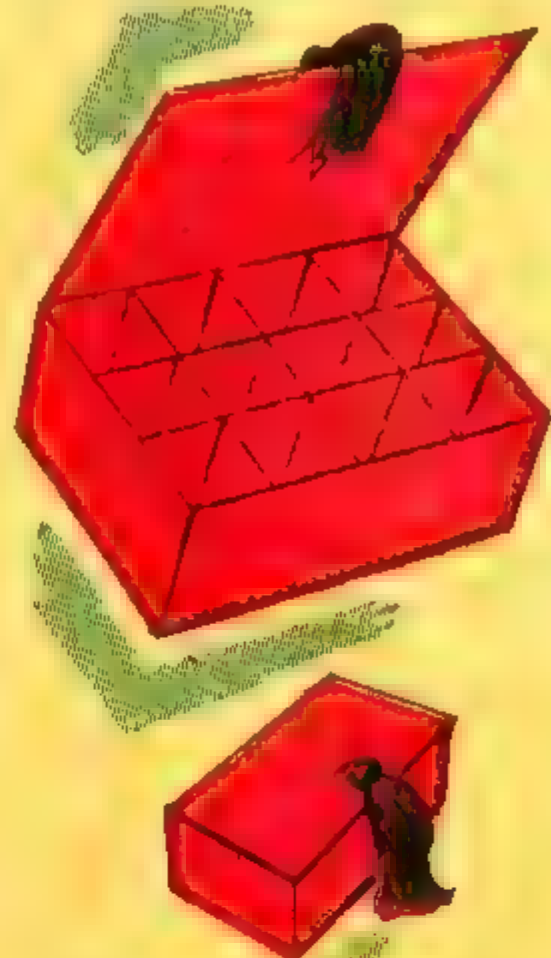
Goody Cart. Here's a sweet gift or party favor, good for any one from an intimate friend to a mere bowing acquaintance. Recover in bright yellow paper the top of an old candy box. Cut

up some sturdy cardboard (the laundry to the rescue again) and fasten on with brass butterfly clips two wheels, two handles, and two supporting legs, also of cardboard covered with yellow paper. Decorate with whimsical sayings such as. "Sweets to the sweet"—"Flavored with love"—"You were mint for me." If you are clever with paint and brush, decorate with scrolls and curlicue designs, or paste on flowers cut from seed catalogs. Pile with fudge, penny candy, cookies, or even hankies. Wrap it all in cellophane and finish with a bow.



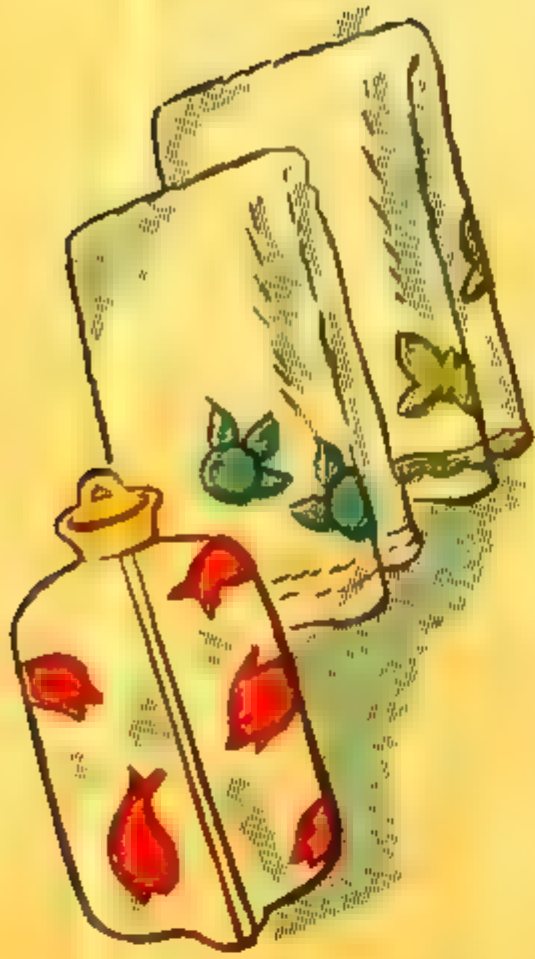
Not Six but Seven. Speaking of hankies, we're still hankering for this set of seven plain whites with borders crocheted in seven different colors, one for each day of the week. Done with simple loop stitch that goes round and round as far as thread or patience will allow. First row: chain seven for each loop, attach to border. Second row: chain seven and attach to centers of loops. Third row: ditto. And so on until you have a border the width you like best. Nicest part of the job is embroidering name of day in corner of hanky in thread to match the border. We suggest blue for Monday (isn't it the truth?), your own choice for Tuesday, lavender for Wednes-

day, yellow for Thursday (Thor's day), gray for Friday (witches' night), red for Saturday (fun day), and green for Sunday (day of rest). This gift is swell for absent-minded people. Just picture them saying, "I don't know what today is—I lost my hankie!"



Jewel Box De Luxe. You don't need magic to transform an egg box into a glamorous jewel box. First eat your eggs! Then reinforce inside sections of box with gummed tape, attaching whole business firmly to bottom and sides. Cut cover off box, removing all but a quarter inch of flap. Attach cover with strip of tape (this makes a more flexible joint). Glue on chintz or gay wrapping paper, inside and out. Sew on a tassel of many strands of silk thread or yarn, for handle and for oomph.

Napkins. Tiny fringed napkins are an enchanting gift for your favorite hostess. Start with plain unbleached muslin squares, or better still, gingham, about eight inches each way. Unravel cloth two inches all around and knot the threads into tiny tassels. To make these table dresser-uppers really fancy, embroider a small cottage in the corner, complete with a fence around it.



Appliquéd Towel. Costs fifteen cents. Too simple for words and Mother will adore it. Try apples, butterflies, or fish. Cut designs from washcloth of bright hue and appliqué on white towel. If you are very handy, try on your own a gay towel covering for that drip of a hot water bottle. Ourselves, we dislike the feel of rubber, especially when we've been sensitized by snuffles. Send this to your auntie if you want to make her chuckle.

Painted Brick Book Ends. Just these three words should tell you the whole story. A pair of bricks with two coats of flat paint over them are not only positively original but probably the only book ends you'll ever have that will do their job and not go slithering away at the first touch. If you don't want them to scratch your mother's best table, cement pieces of soft cloth or felt to their bottoms with any good, strong all-purpose glue.

Three Little Aprons. An original and thoughtful gift idea is an apron—or three of them, to make a real splurge. As a decorative and useful item it has no equal. To begin with, we sug-

gest gingham, that matchless, homey, and—needless to say—inexpensive material. Start with a square about twelve inches all around. After you have hemmed three sides, slightly gather the top till it measures about nine inches across. Cut a strip, at least a yard long and four inches wide. Double this over in half, sew along one side until you have a belt that is thirty-six by two inches. Turn inside out so the seam is on the inside, turn in the ends and whip together. Sew the gathered top of apron front to center of belt. Finish with a little patch pocket of solid matching material.

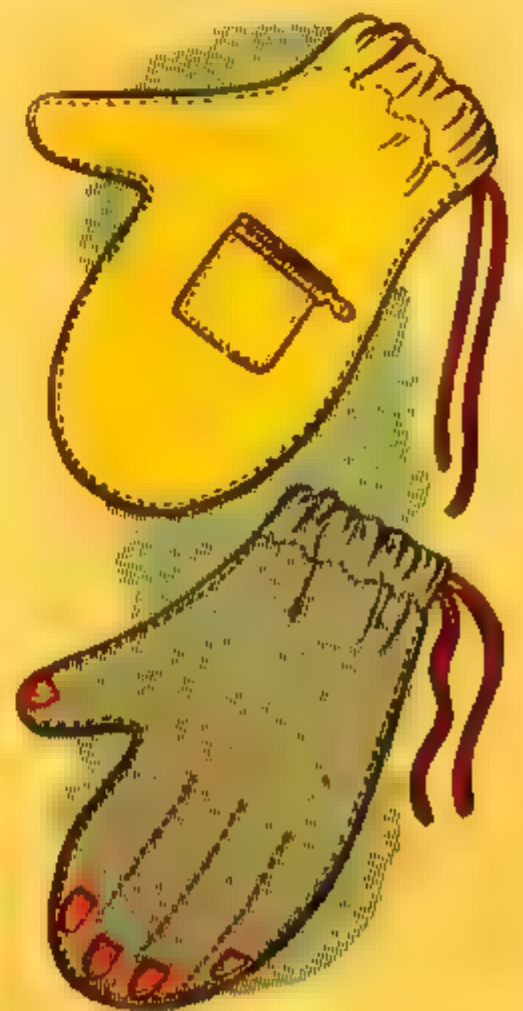
Idea number two, still in the apron department, is a cute little number made out of ordinary white mosquito netting. It may surprise you to learn what a rich and extraordinary effect this neglected material can achieve. It comes very wide. Start with a piece about sixteen inches by fifty inches. Use the fifty-inch side for rows and rows of gathers going across or tucks going up and down, till you have reduced it to twenty-three inches. This is the top of the apron which you finish with white ribbon all around, leaving long ends for tying. Add several rows of white or colored rick-rack edging all around the bottom. When—finished you should have a wide fluffy dream of an apron that covers the whole skirt, with four or five inches of snug gathers hugging the waistline.

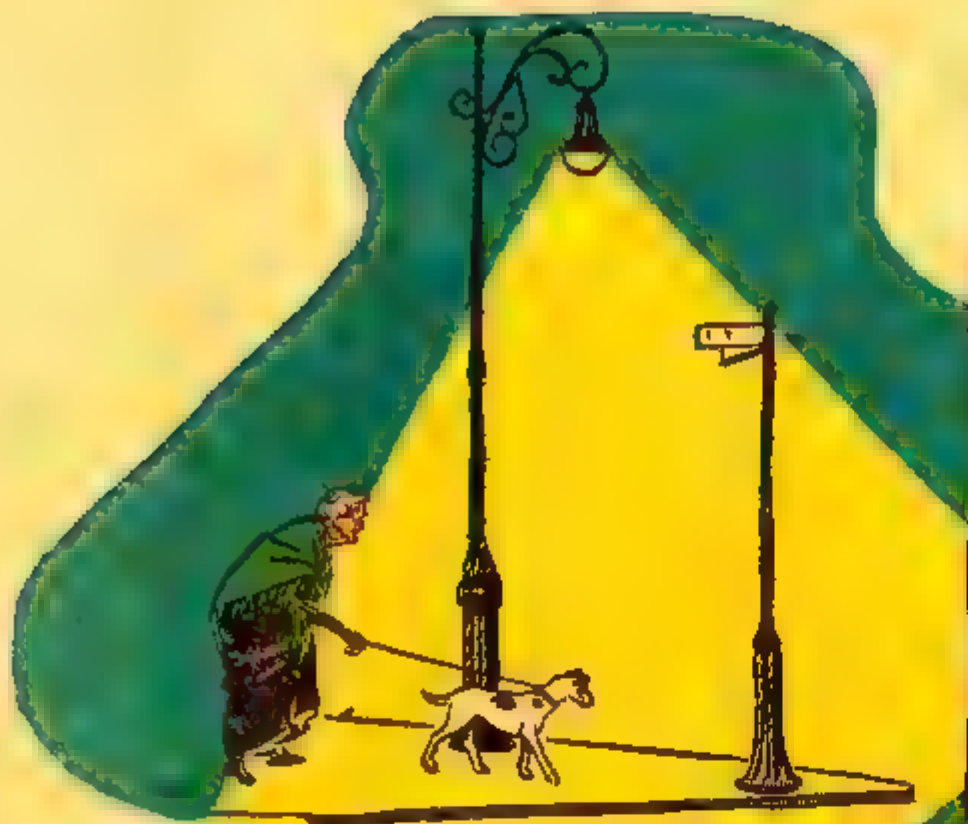
Our third apron idea is what you would call a "darb." You can make it in less than a half hour. It is so easy that we give you an A for it, without even seeing it. Select a man's very large handkerchief, preferably white, with an interesting striped border. Add two streamers that match the stripes, for tying on, and yes—that's all! But you don't have to stop there. A matching handkerchief cut a little smaller can be added to form a bib. To each top corner of said bib, you add another ribbon. These are tied around the neck to hold up the bib. In parting may we suggest

that you do not use Dad's best hanky—noble experiment though it may be! Dip into your own allowance for this—it's worth it!

What! Lost Your Mittens? You naughty kittens, then you shall have no pie! Remember that one? Here are mittens as easy as pie to make. Trace shape of hand by running pencil around it and allowing one-quarter of an inch extra—keep thumb well out. Cut four shapes from reversible material such as flannel or wool jersey. Sew together on right side, close to edge, with very small running stitches, using bright contrasting wool or heavy silk. You can't make any mistake with these. Either glove fits either hand! Tuck top down to make a one-inch hem and sew with running stitches also on right side. Leave opening for bright cord which pulls through. Add a tiny pocket on one glove with a small zipper lifted from some old change purse. If the zipper stumps you, use snaps.

Dizzy departure for someone who can take it. Embroider lines on the glove to suggest fingers and add bright red embroidered finger nails!





This certainly was a deserted spot at night—no one in sight but that old woman with the dog

Santa Claus Square or something else? This Connie Martin story tells how she named a new park



Mayor Martin's Daughter

CONNIE MARTIN shook her red head as she leaned over her father's big desk in City Hall.

"Do you think we should be laughing at this?" she asked Mayor Martin, who chuckled as he read the headline in the *Central City Sun*.

St. Nicholas Wants His Name on Newly Acquired City Park

Digested, the humorously written story was simple. Big cardboard signs, with "NICHOLAS PARK" printed in faltering capitals, that morning had been found clumsily tied

By CHARLES G. MULLER

to the street-light posts encircling the block which was being torn down in front of City Hall to make room for a new central park.

"Undoubtedly some of Hitler's work!" ran the story, humorously. "Or could it be the propaganda of Joe Murphy's political rivals? It's an open secret that Councilman Joe has been angling to have the park named 'Murphy Square' in honor of himself. So how did Nicholas' come into this? And

who is he—Saint Nicholas?"

"Why not laugh, Connie?" asked the Mayor, still chuckling. "It is funny, don't you think?"

"I have a hunch it's not a political joke," Connie replied seriously, as her father's phone rang.

"Yes?" said the Mayor, picking up the receiver, his genial face still wrinkled in a laugh. "Hello . . . Joe? Why, yes, I read the story . . . No, 'of course there's nothing to it. Just a gag. The *Sun's* taking you for a little ride, that's all. Sure . . . sure . . . I'll have someone look into it."

He turned back to Connie
"I have a hunch," Connie continued, "that there's something very interesting behind this sign business. I wouldn't be surprised if . . ."

Mayor Martin pushed his daughter gently off his desk

"Go away and play," he said affectionately. "I've got work to do"

"But aren't you going to find out about those signs?"

"Of course not," the Mayor replied, picking up a handful of official papers and shaking his head. "Why should I stop the *Sun* from taking a crack at Joe Murphy? We all know how much he wants the park named after him. It'll do him good to get a little kidding. Run away now, please!"

"But somebody put those signs up!" Connie insisted

"Sure, sure," said her father blotting his signature on an important looking document. "A *Sun* reporter probably"

For several seconds Connie was quiet. Then

"May I try to find out who really put them up?" she asked

"Sure, sure," repeated the Mayor absently

Before her father realized it, Connie was gone

To the gang she explained her ideas for getting to the bottom of the mystery

"Listen," she said, "whoever put up those signs is going to keep on putting them up"

Dumb as always, Cap asked "Who says so?"

"I just figure, he will!" Connie said firmly. "So we'll stand guard tonight. With one of us on each corner of the

park, we're bound to find who's doing it."

Stub's eyes lighted.

"Couldn't we get bloodhounds and track the person down right now instead of waiting for tonight?"

"Bloodhounds!" Peggy Stone scornfully eyed Stub. "You and your animals!"

"Anyway, it's Thursday," he shrugged, "and if Connie thinks my mother'll let me stay out late on a school night, she doesn't know Mom!"

"Then," said Connie, "we'll stand guard Friday night!"

It was dark on Friday night when Connie posted the guard and instructed each watcher.

"If you see the man when he puts up a sign, whistle softly," Connie whistled. "Like that."

"But dogs would be more fun," Stub insisted

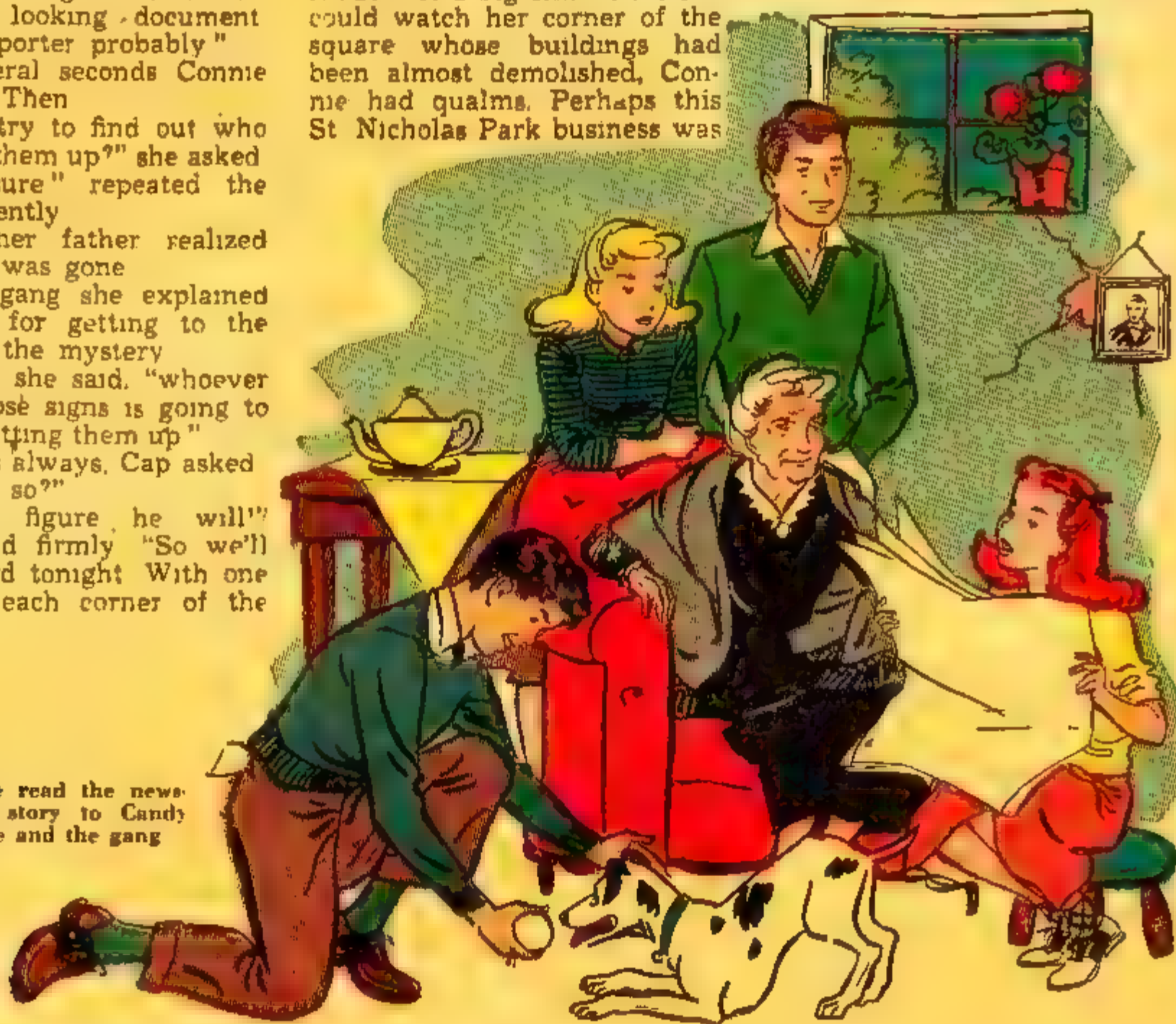
Sitting on a newspaper in the shadow of a big elm where she could watch her corner of the square whose buildings had been almost demolished, Connie had qualms. Perhaps this St Nicholas Park business was

indeed nothing but a joke, the idea of a nimble-witted newspaperman with a nose for a good story. Maybe one of Councilman Murphy's political enemies was just trying to knife the idea of having the park named after his rival

Very likely, too, her father's chuckles had been to cover up an embarrassment. As Mayor, he would have final say in selecting the park's name, and he'd be on a spot to have to decide against Joe Murphy. But then Mayor Martin should know who this mysterious Nicholas was. And apparently he didn't know Nobody, in fact, seemed to know

Nobody seemed to have the slightest interest in digging into the mystery, either. That was what was so queer. This morning's story had told of more poorly lettered "NICHOLAS PARK" signs posted on

Connie read the newspaper story to Candy, Kate and the gang



the light poles. Why hadn't the patrolman on the beat seen who'd put them up?

"The police have more important things to do than watch for nuts," her father had said.

Connie's eyes were getting used to the dark now. Across the quiet park-to-be, she made out Cap Riley's motionless figure, and Stub's. She wondered if they were asleep—it would be so like them! Peggy, of course, was wide awake, as Connie could see from her frequent movements. So far there had been no sign of a patrolman, however, or of the sign-putter-upper. And it had been a long time since she'd seen a cruising police car. Evidently her father was right—the police had other things to do.

Connie yawned. Good thing there was no school tomorrow. She'd never be able to stay awake. Fact was, she could hardly keep her eyes open now. Maybe she was slightly crazy to be here in the first place.

For a busy part of town during the day, this certainly was a deserted spot at night. An occasional car, a hurrying pedestrian—now nothing, no one except that old woman in the ancient clothes and rubber-sided gaiters, whose dog had been leading her, apparently aimlessly, around and around the block. Connie tried to recall what she knew about her.

Wasn't she the one who spent most of her time passing out odd bits of homemade candy to children—at the zoo, at the playgrounds, anywhere and everywhere around town? What did they call her? Connie remembered now "Candy Kate"—that was it. She was so nearly blind that a dozen times she'd almost been run over while wandering around the streets, and the police—saying they were doing it merely to make their jobs easier—had taken up a collection to buy her a dog to guide her. Connie smiled. Sentimentalists, those cops!

The old woman was shuffling

past Connie's tree. From the shadows the girl watched, casually. It must be pretty terrible—to be so alone. No one to talk to; nowhere to go—just to walk and walk by yourself. Didn't she have any home? She must live somewhere. What was her story? Sleepier than ever, Connie closed her eyes.

Then suddenly she was awake, roused by the fact that Candy Kate's shuffling feet had stopped shuffling. For a second, Connie's eyes did not focus. Then she saw that the old woman had stopped beside a light pole. And from beneath

"There she was, living all by herself in the dark basement of her father's house where she'd played as a girl—living on the generosity of the people who now own it. And that candy she gives away—the near-by shopkeepers give her the sugar and things to make it, because they remember how kind her father was. He was a real philanthropist."

Mayor Martin eyed his daughter unbelievably over the top of his coffee cup.

"Of course, Pop! He gave away thousands of dollars to the people in the neighborhood!"

Mayor Martin put down his coffee cup.

"Connie, as a detective you did a good job of running down the signs. But you've got only that woman's word for this philanthropist business. Say, what was the idea of those signs, anyway?"

"Kate thinks the new park should be named in her father's memory—he was James G. Nicholas. And he did a lot for the people of this city, Pop!"

"Nicholas," the Mayor repeated thoughtfully. "I wonder if she is the daughter of old Jim Nicholas. But I'm told he would never hear of having anything named for him."

"That's just it. Kate thinks it's about time. Most people around here have already forgotten

him—or never heard of him."

But Mayor Martin kissed Connie quickly, patted her shoulder, and departed hurriedly for his office in City Hall. And, as Connie told Cap and the others when they called for her, Mayor Martin obviously would be no help whatever in getting the park named for the father of their newly-found friend, Miss Nicholas.

"But I wish we could do something!"

"Oh, let's forget the whole thing," Stub suggested hopefully, "and take Cap's jalopy out to that farm where they have those rabbits I was telling you about last week."

SKIING

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

A winter day and a snow-clad hill,
An accurate blend of balance and skill,
The sturdy skis on our eager feet,
And suddenly we are off as fleet
As the wind that drives its icy way
Over the hollows and hills today.

We tramp, we glide, we soar, we light,
We have wings, we have wings on our feet
for flight.

Our cheeks atingle, our hearts aglow
From the swift race over the blinding snow,
We glide, we balance, we trip, we fall,
We are up again, we laugh, we call
To another down in the snow's white
maze—

Oh, beautiful are these winter days
When instead of tramping a road or street
We fly with our wings tied to our feet!

a voluminous skirt she was taking a big piece of cardboard Connie stiffened as the old woman tied onto the pole a sign which read, "NICHOLAS PARK"

Quietly Connie slipped across the square and rounded up her guard. Then, unseen and unheard, they all followed the strange old woman.

Despite a brief night's sleep, Connie was bright-eyed when at breakfast the next morning she told her father how the gang followed Candy Kate home and finally wormed her story from the pathetic old woman.

"Oh, Pop!" exclaimed Connie.

Peggy's glance withered Stub. To Connie, Peggy said: "You must think of some way to get it done!"

Connie did. And, having pored through old records in the clerk's office in City Hall, she and the others wound up in the office of the Central City Sun's managing editor.

"Old James G. Nicholas gave thousands of dollars to city charities, Mr. Wallace," said Connie, handing the keen-eyed newspaperman a pageful of figures. "Here are his actual donations. He helped the hospital, the Y, the—why he was

"Mr. Wallace," she began slowly, "you could do a real job for your paper and for the city—if you would."

The editor was curious.

"Yes?"

"Suppose," said Connie, more rapidly, "the Sun conducted a sort of poll of its readers. You know—asked them to vote on whether to name the park for someone who loved the city and helped it or for a man like 'Joe Murphy.' Couldn't you boost circulation at the same time that you put Mr. Murphy in his place?"

The corners of the editor's

Cap Riley, standing first on one foot and then the other, watched the expression on Candy Kate's face as she listened to Connie's reading. The old woman looked almost beautiful when she smiled.

"I do hope," she said, very softly, "that they select 'Nicholas Park.'" Even though he wouldn't have it in his lifetime, my father would appreciate that."

"I wonder if my father will!" Connie asked herself.

Quaking, she crept into the library just before dinner and sat on the arm of the Mayor's big chair. Her father held up the Sun.

"Connie," he said severely, "if I thought that you had anything to do with getting the Sun to rise up against naming our new park after Councilman Murphy, I'd—I'd . . ."

Connie shivered.

"You'd—you'd what, Pop?"

Mayor Martin looked at his daughter and laughed heartily.

"Why, I'd be so happy not to see Joe Murphy's name every time I looked out over the square that I'd let you break a bottle of champagne over its bow or lay the cornerstone or—say, what is it I have to do when I dedicate a park?"

Connie's hug nearly choked her father.

"You just put up a platform with a chair for the guest of honor. And you tell the crowds that you're honored to be mayor of a city that thinks highly enough of kind people to name its finest park after one of them."

"How can you be sure the city will vote for 'Nicholas Park'?"

"The Sun says so," laughed Connie.

"Okay, then. I guess the Sun doesn't like politicians any better than I do."

Connie suddenly stiffened.

"Omigosh!"

"What now!" asked Mayor Martin quickly.

"Well—well . . ." Connie hesitated. Then: "Stub wants to know could the city give Kate's dog a special bone to chew on while we dedicate the park?"



"If I thought you had anything to do with this," the Mayor said severely, "I'd—I'd . . ."

very generous to everybody!"

The editor nodded.

"Very interesting. But what?"

"Don't you think the least we can do is give his name to the new park? That's all his daughter has ever asked the citizens of this town to do for her in return for everything her father did for them."

Editor Wallace shook his head thoughtfully.

"Thanks for clearing up the mystery of the signs. I'll have a reporter write the story."

Connie's heart sank.

"Is that all?"

"I'm afraid it is."

Connie leaned across the desk. Her eyes were eager.

mouth curled. Then he grinned broadly and picked up a telephone.

"Send Ted Jones in, right away," he ordered crisply, "to write a special feature story for the home edition!"

Late that afternoon, Connie read the Sun's story to Candy Kate in her dreary basement:

"James G. Nicholas or Joe Murphy—which name do you want your new park to bear?"

Playing on the floor with the dog, Stub Stevens looked up.

"I vote for Santa Claus Square," he said. "Nicholas—St. Nick—Santa Claus. Get it?"

Peggy's eyes quickly swept Stub back into silence while

Shirley's a Teener

By BETTY ASHER

Shirley Temple says her work on the movie lot is like a real vacation—but not very much more thrilling than entering those teen years



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S a "child star" no longer. She's now playing ingenue or sub-deb roles, and she's a real sub-deb herself. She's been growing up just the way you have. Not to be cheated of any of the thrills, Shirley took a year and a half

out of her professional life to be just a normal girl entering the exciting teen years.

For the first time in her life, Shirley went to school with other girls her own age, girls whose only interest in pictures was to go to the movies. Her first day in school was the only difficult one. In spite of her enthusiasm, Shirley was a little bashful, and the girls couldn't help but wonder whether she would be a "movie star" or a "regular fellow." When they both realized that one was as bashful as the other, Shirley became just another member of the gang.

From then on, things really rolled along. Shirley became an active member of the Camp Fire Girls, and even now that she is back at work, she never misses the weekly meetings of the O-Ke-Hi's.

Although retired from the

screen, Shirley was very busy in a new type of dramatic work. She joined the school dramatic group and found a new world of the theater opened to her. The girls put on skits and plays throughout the school year and Shirley did everything from painting the backdrop to leading the orchestra. There was only one thing that Shirley declined to do. She refused to play the leading lady!

"I've been playing the heroine since I was three," she explained. "Now that I have a chance to play old ladies and character parts; I'm certainly going to take advantage of it. That is one thing I won't be able to do on the screen for a good many years."

Shirley passed some exciting milestones of growing up during her retirement. It was at the Westlake School for Girls that she attended her first dance.



This is Shirley a few years ago. She's a big girl now!

There she wore her first long evening dress—white marquisette with a very full skirt appliquéd with satin flowers. Shirley liked it so well she had it copied to wear in "The Girl on the Hill," her new picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Shirley's first long silk stockings, which she acquired last year, were as exciting as any girl's. She's still not allowed to wear them all the time—only when she goes downtown or to a party.

Until last year Shirley couldn't be bothered with her wardrobe. Now shopping days are a big occasion and Shirley plans them days ahead. Mrs. Temple has come to rely upon her daughter's judgment and even asks Shirley's advice in selecting her own clothes.

Designing is one of Shirley's hobbies. Occasionally Mrs. Temple puts the stamp of approval on one of Shirley's sketches and has it made up for her. But most of the time the outfits are a bit too sophisticated for Shirley's own wardrobe so she makes them for her favorite mannequin, Susie.

In Shirley's group are boys as well as girls, but if there is a favorite "beau" Shirley won't admit it. Occasionally she attends dances at the military academy and school picnics with a date, but chaperoned by her mother and father.

On Sunday afternoons, the group meets at the Temple home for a day of swimming and badminton. This is followed by a buffet supper and a round of games. "Charades" is Shirley's current favorite, for the youngsters dress up in outlandish outfits to act out the epigrams and famous sayings.

These sessions take place in Shirley's sitting room. This is the young star's own part of the house and consists of playroom, sitting room, and bedroom. The three rooms contrast one another. Dolls, frills, everything dear to the heart of girl finds a place in her boudoir. Not so the playroom. The walls are lined with Shirley's books; and a desk stacked with drawings, school papers, and scripts

occupies an important part of the room. There is a real fireplace that the boys and girls gather around to pop corn and toast marshmallows.

Shirley, like every young girl, has a best friend. Her name is Mary Lou Isleib and the two have been pals since they were tiny tots. So inseparable were Shirley and Mary Lou that when Shirley went into pictures, Mary Lou became her stand-in. When Shirley began her temporary retirement, Mary Lou also stayed home from the studio. But when Shirley recently asked her again to be her stand-in in "The Girl on the Hill," Mary Lou was the happiest girl in Hollywood.

It was Shirley's own pleading that persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Temple to allow her to return to the screen and break her temporary retirement. The first morning on the set, she was an hour early and went through her lines with Herbert Marshall and Laraine Day as though she had never been

away from the camera.

"Coming back to work is like going on a vacation," was Shirley's reply when asked how it felt to be acting again. She has no ambitions to become a great dramatic actress. Her favorite role has some singing and dancing, some comedy, and some drama.

"I'm afraid that a too-dramatic role would take the fun out of acting. Now my work seems like a vacation and I don't want it ever to change," Shirley declared.

After this picture is completed, Shirley will again join her classmates at the Westlake School where she will be in the ninth grade. She has already planned her course to include French, English, algebra, ancient history, and art.

In her eighteen months' "retirement," Shirley acquired a new poise and dignity. She's grown in height (she's 4 feet 11) and lost her little-girl look. She says she's "just between the junior section in the stores and the young collegiate shop."



Shirley can't wear all the clothes she designs, so she dresses up Susie

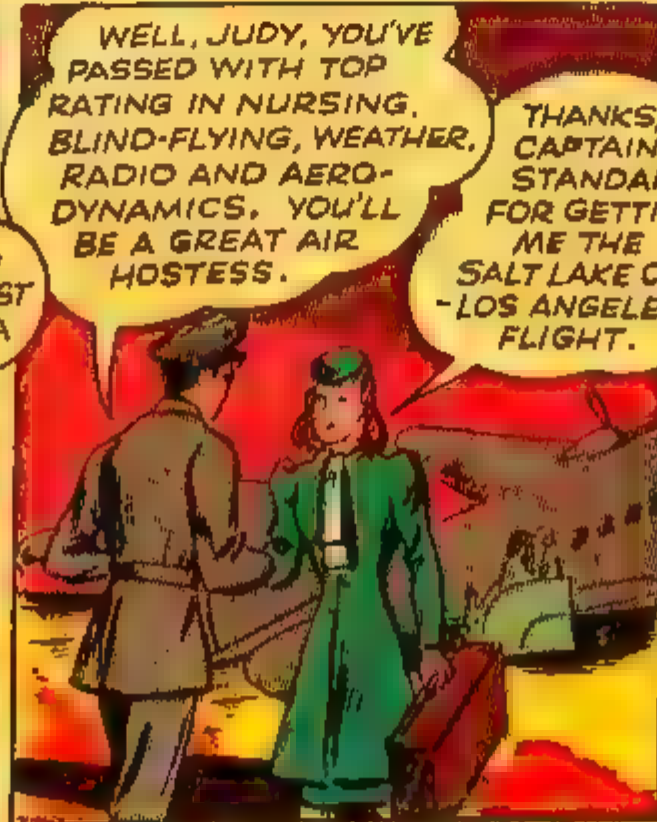
AIR HOSTESS

No. 1

JUDY WING
- NORTH AMERICAN
AIR HOSTESS.

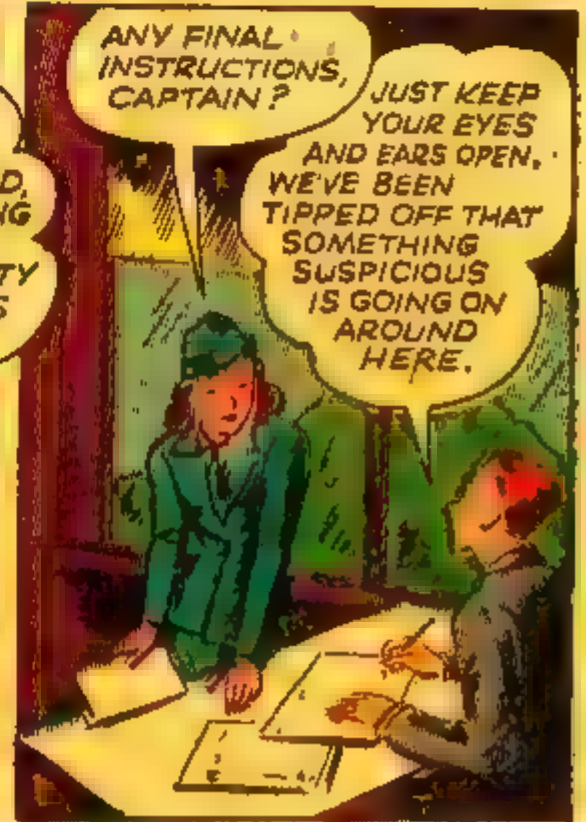


RADIO INSTRUCTION IS OUR VERY LAST COURSE! JUST A FEW DAYS AND WE'LL HAVE OUR ASSIGNMENTS!



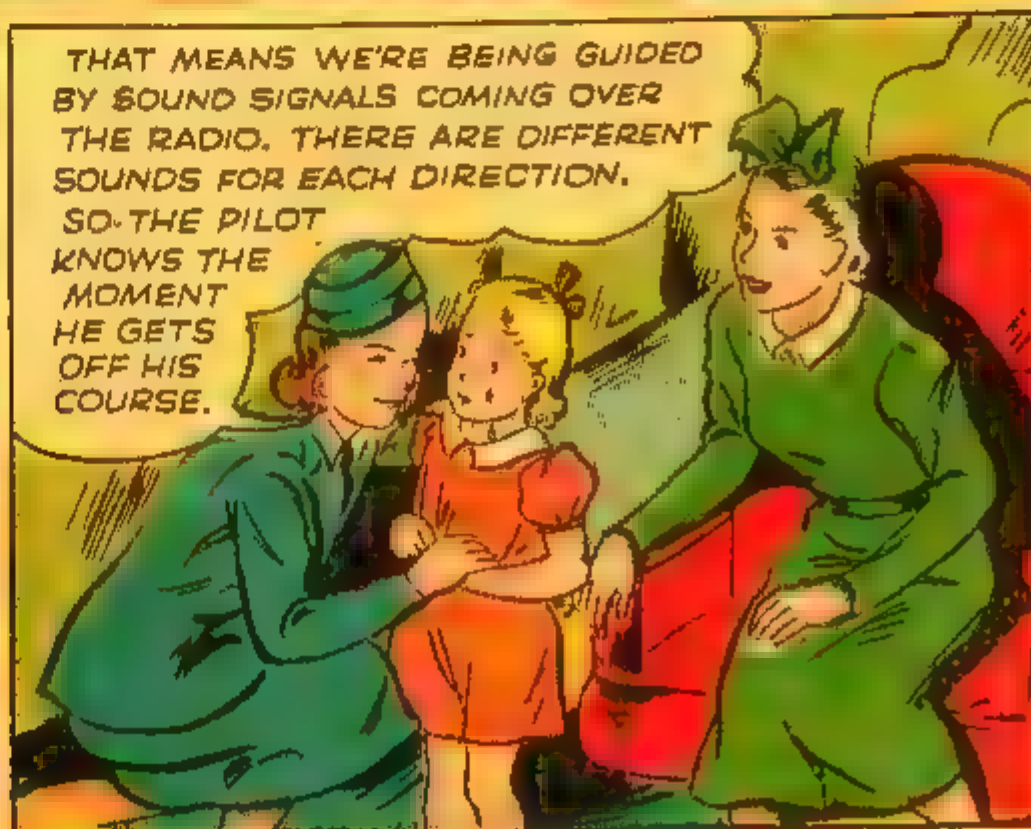
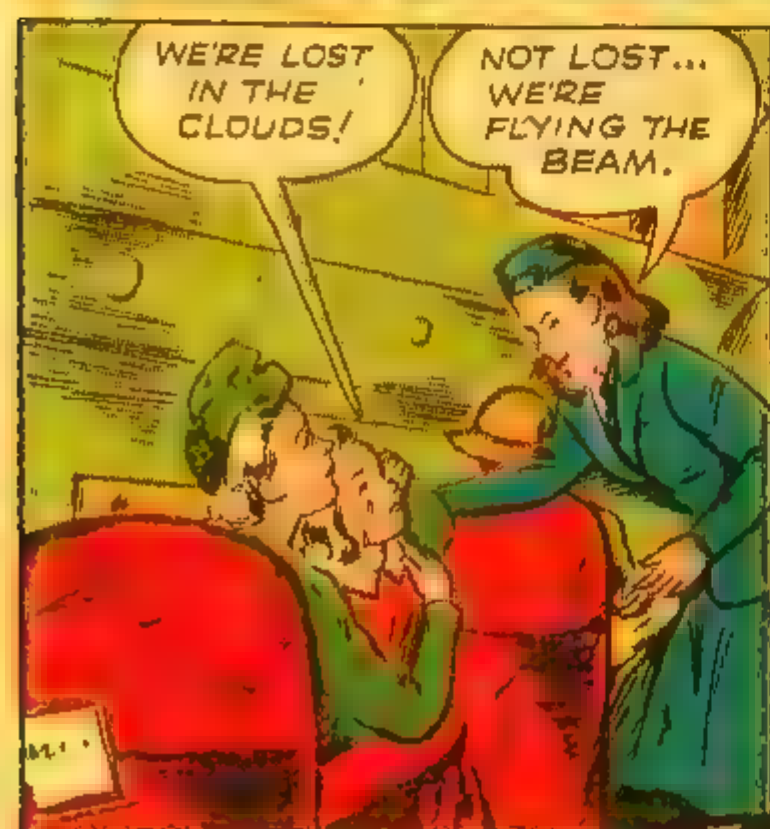
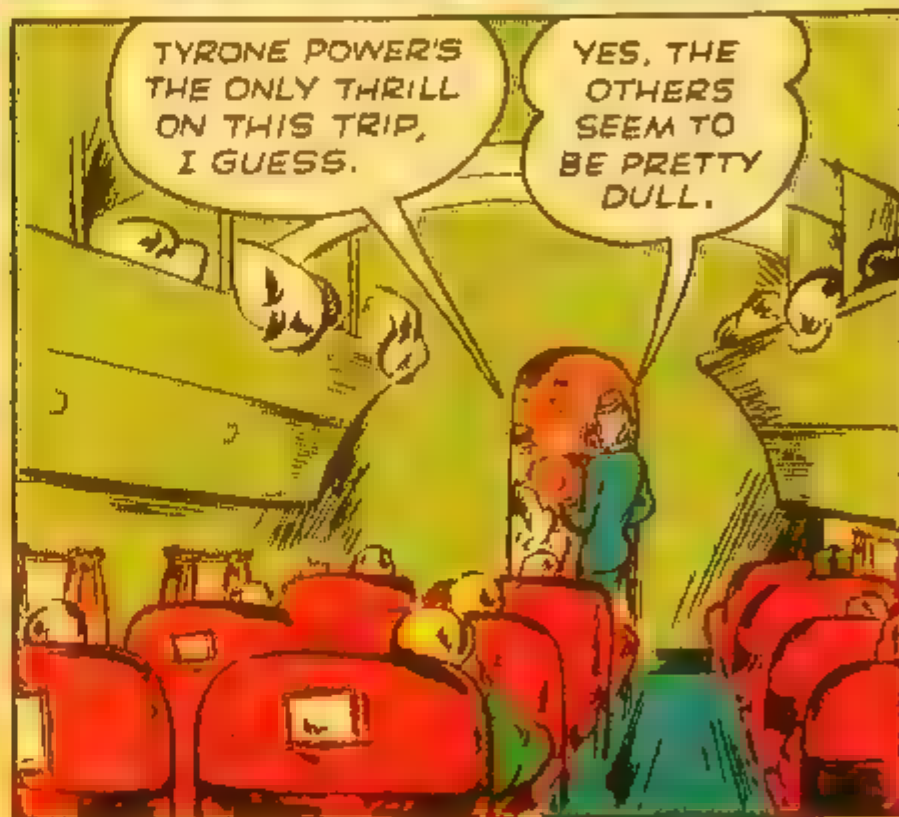
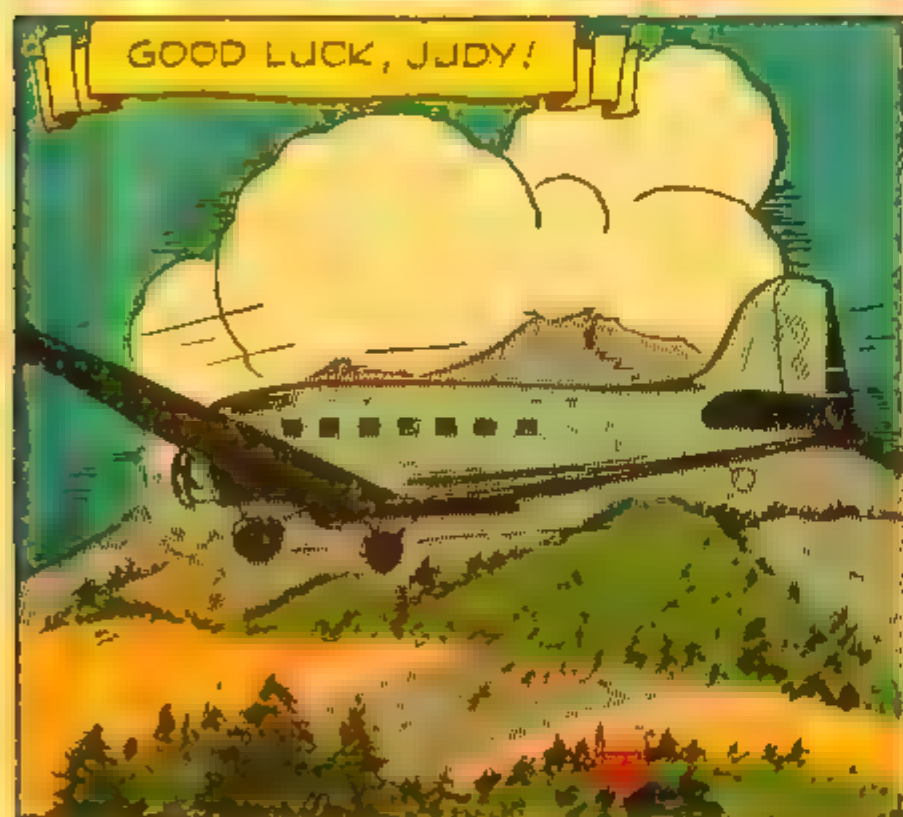
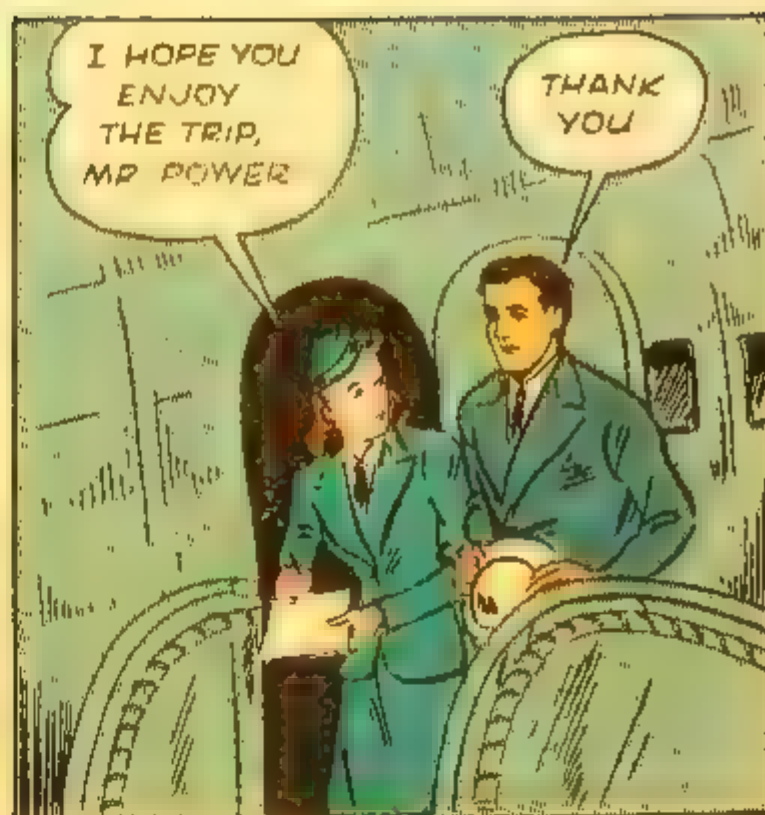
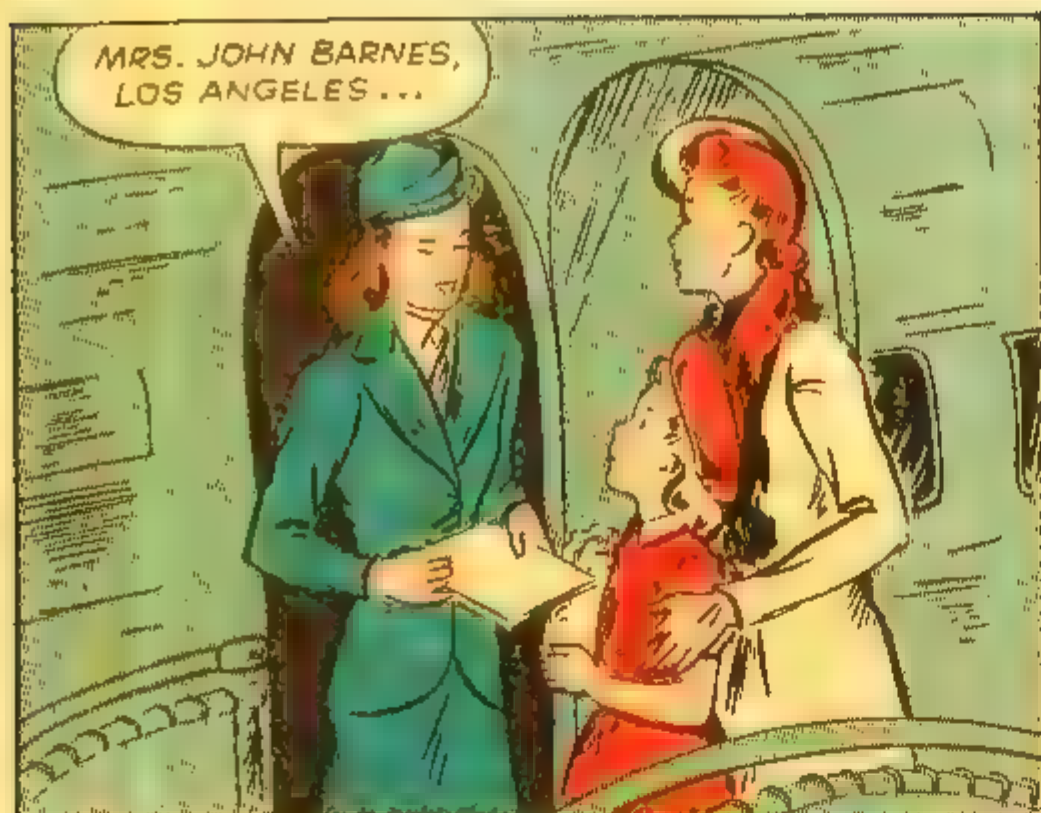
WELL, JUDY, YOU'VE PASSED WITH TOP RATING IN NURSING, BLIND-FLYING, WEATHER, RADIO AND AERODYNAMICS. YOU'LL BE A GREAT AIR HOSTESS.

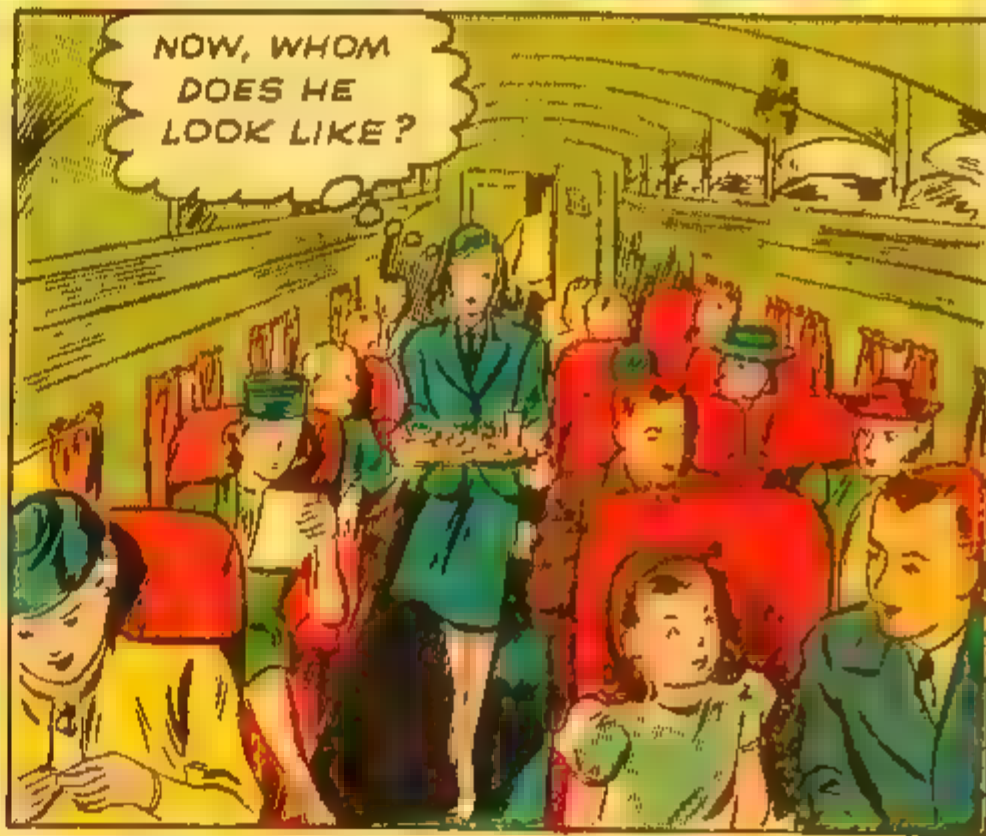
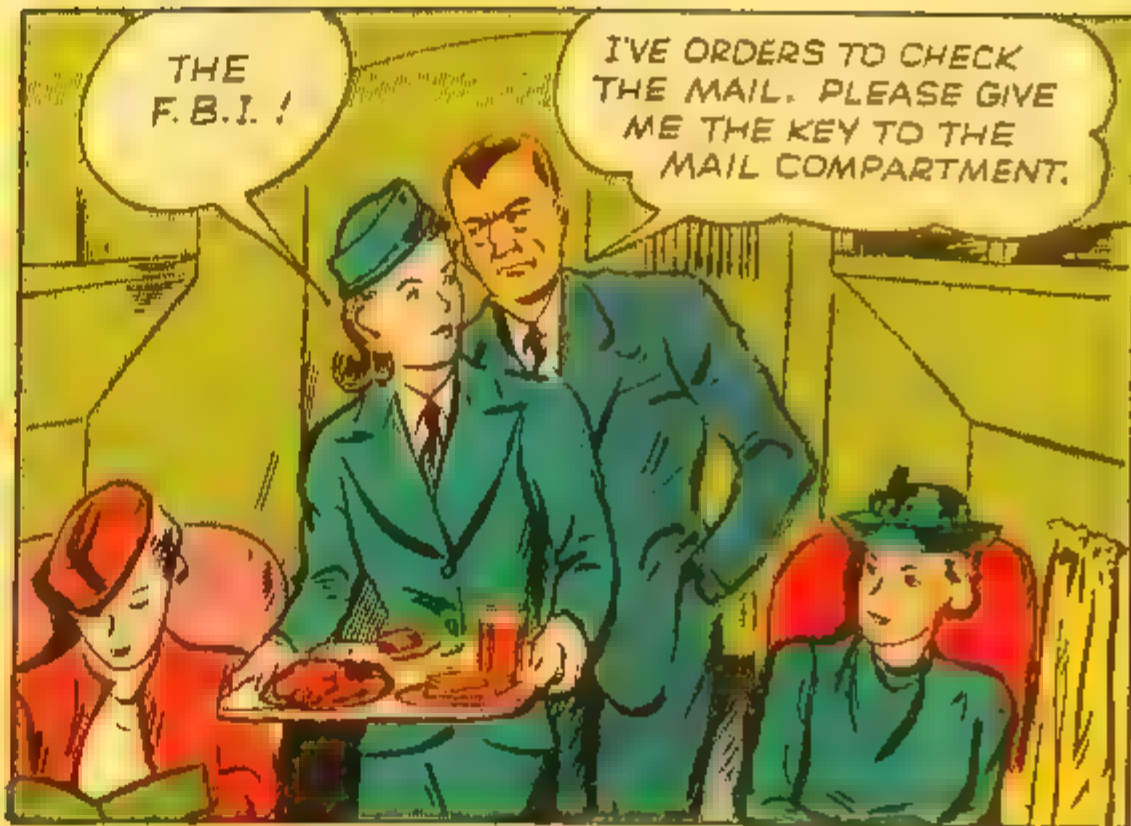
THANKS, CAPTAIN. STANDARD FOR GETTING ME THE SALT LAKE CITY - LOS ANGELES FLIGHT.

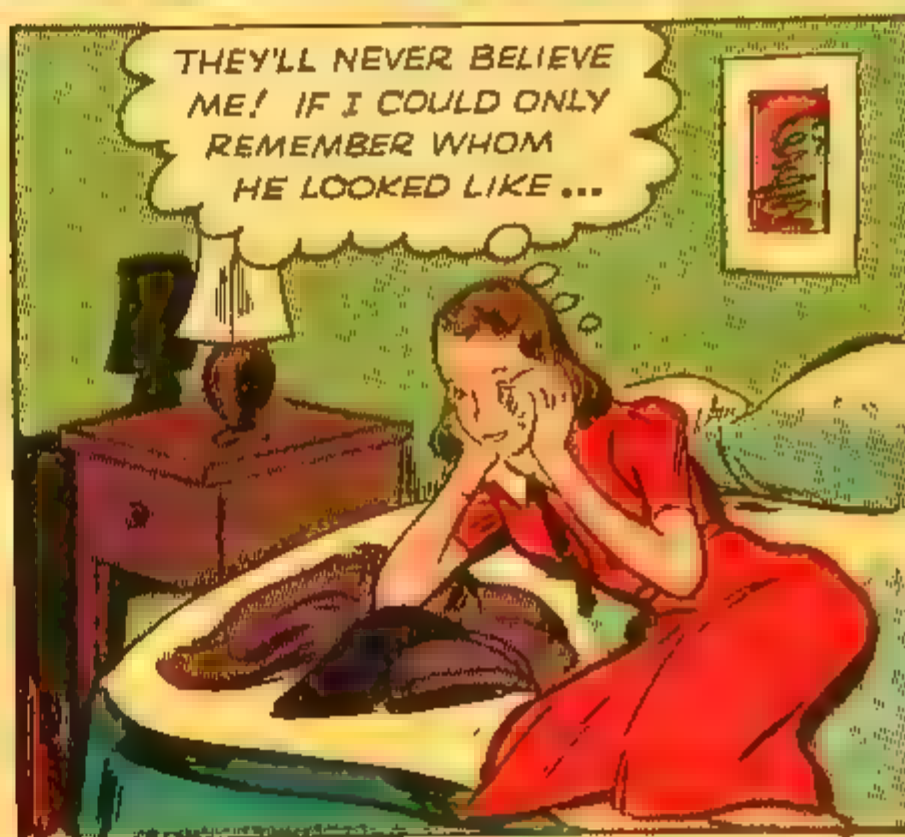
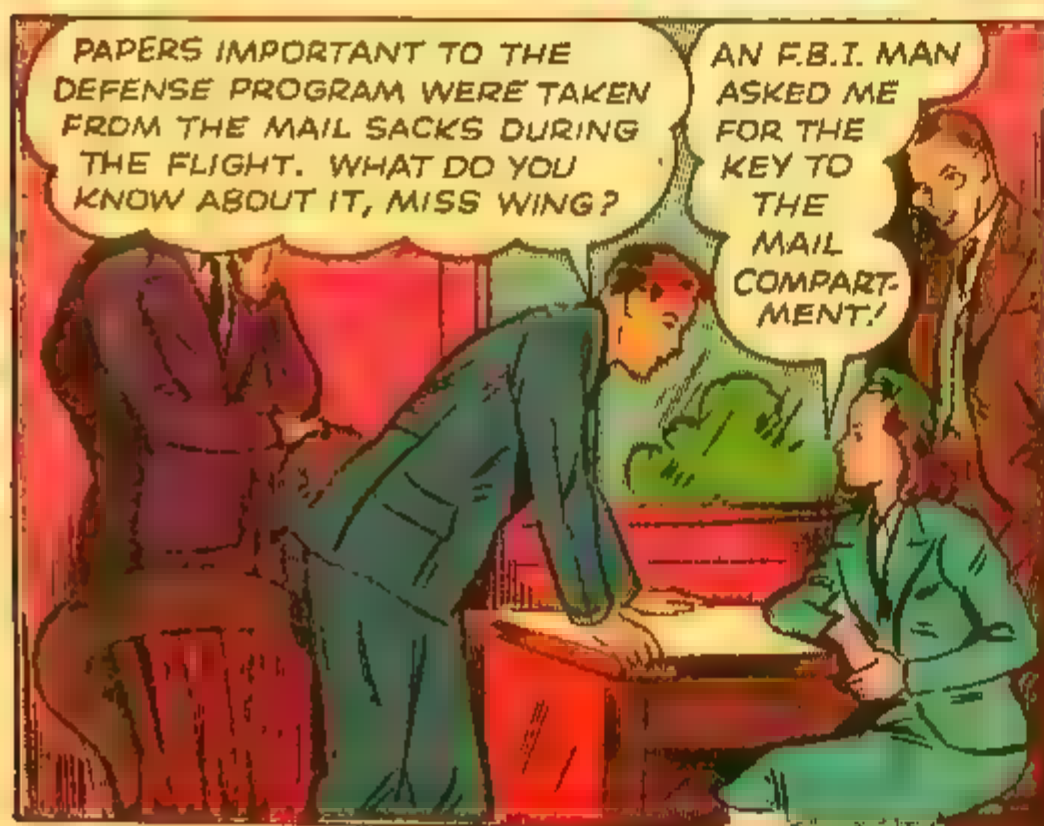
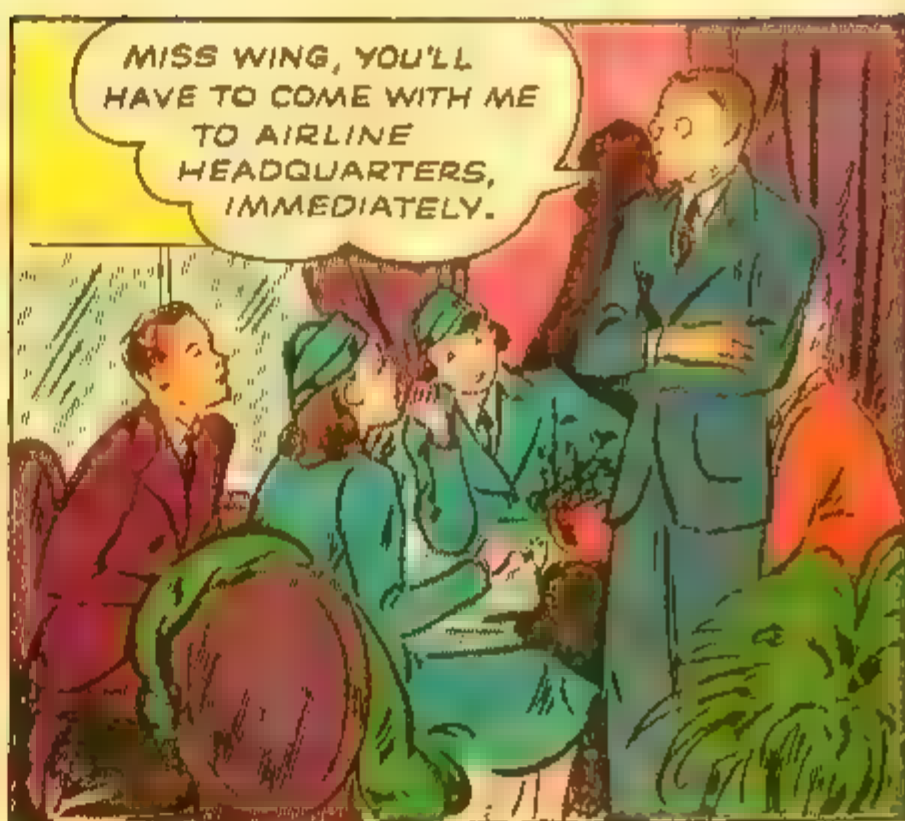
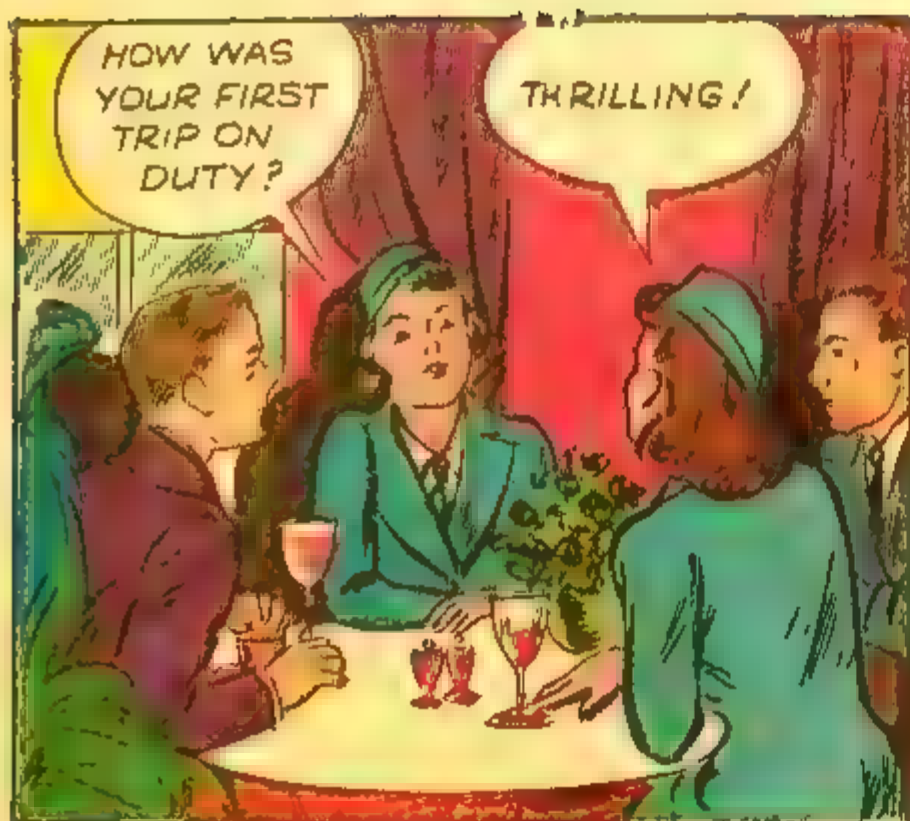


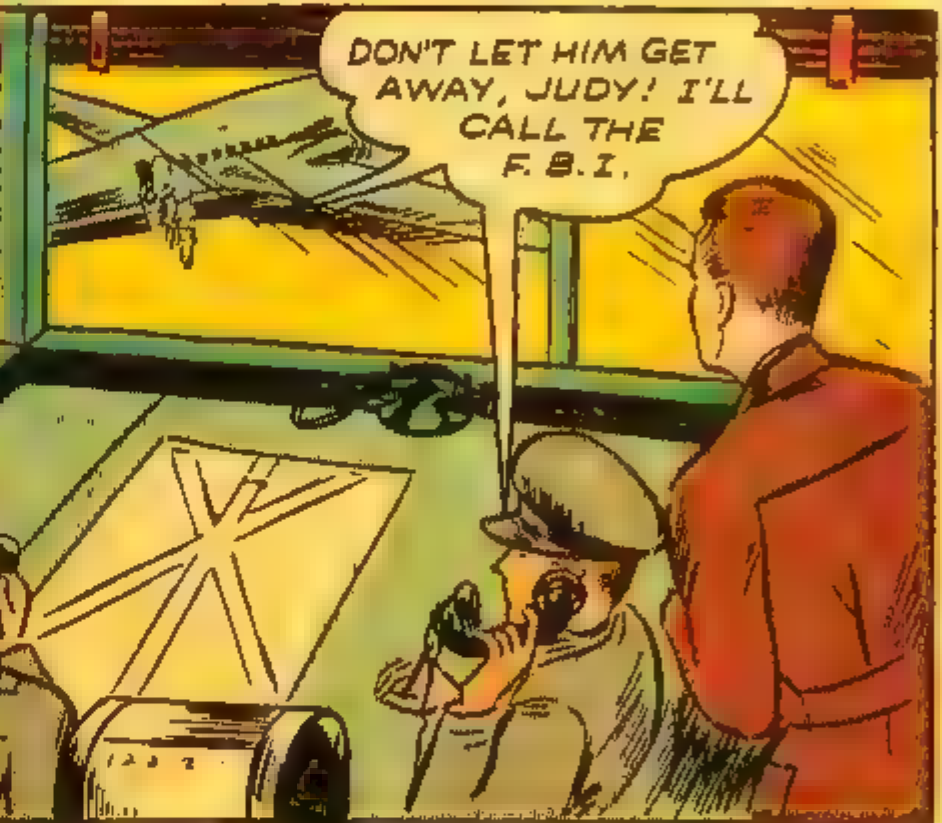
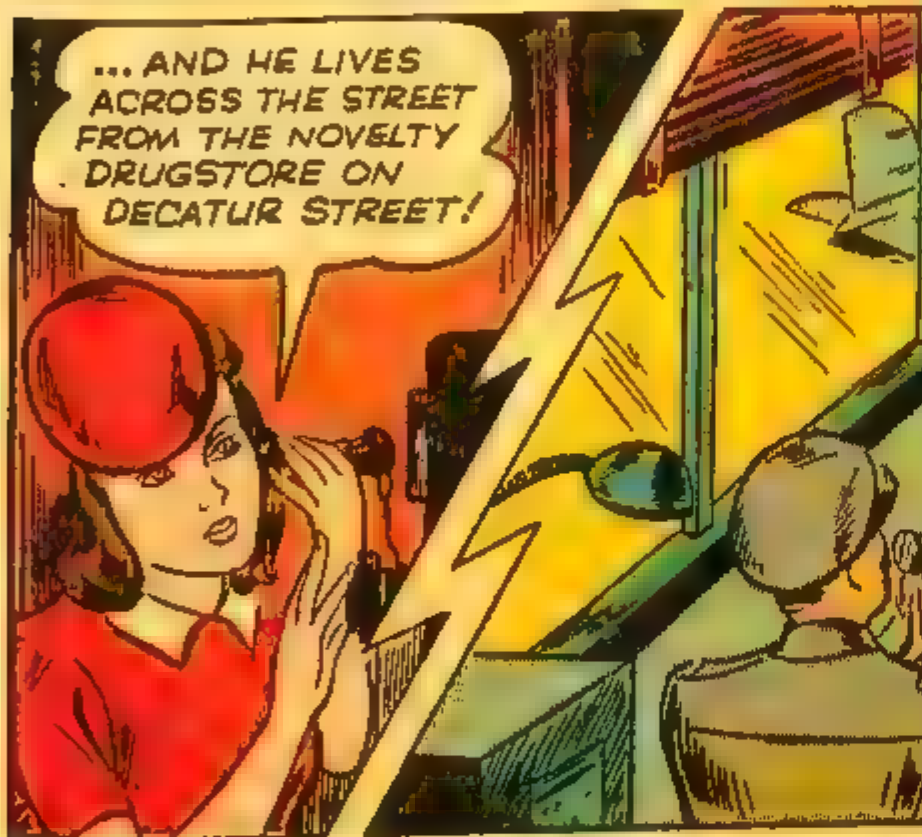
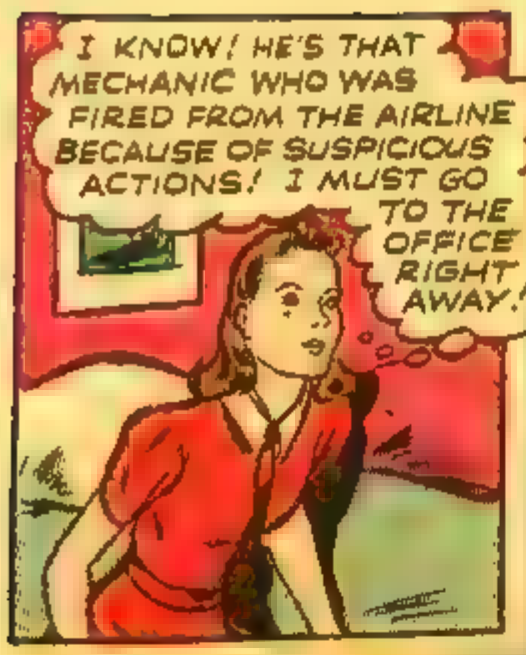
ANY FINAL INSTRUCTIONS, CAPTAIN?

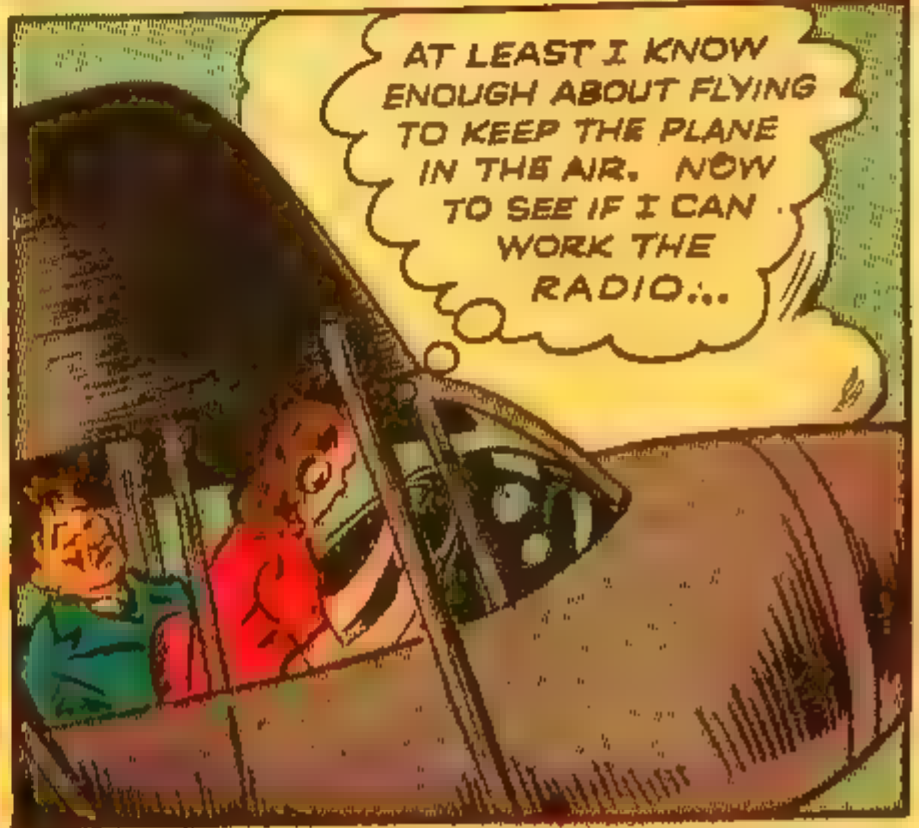
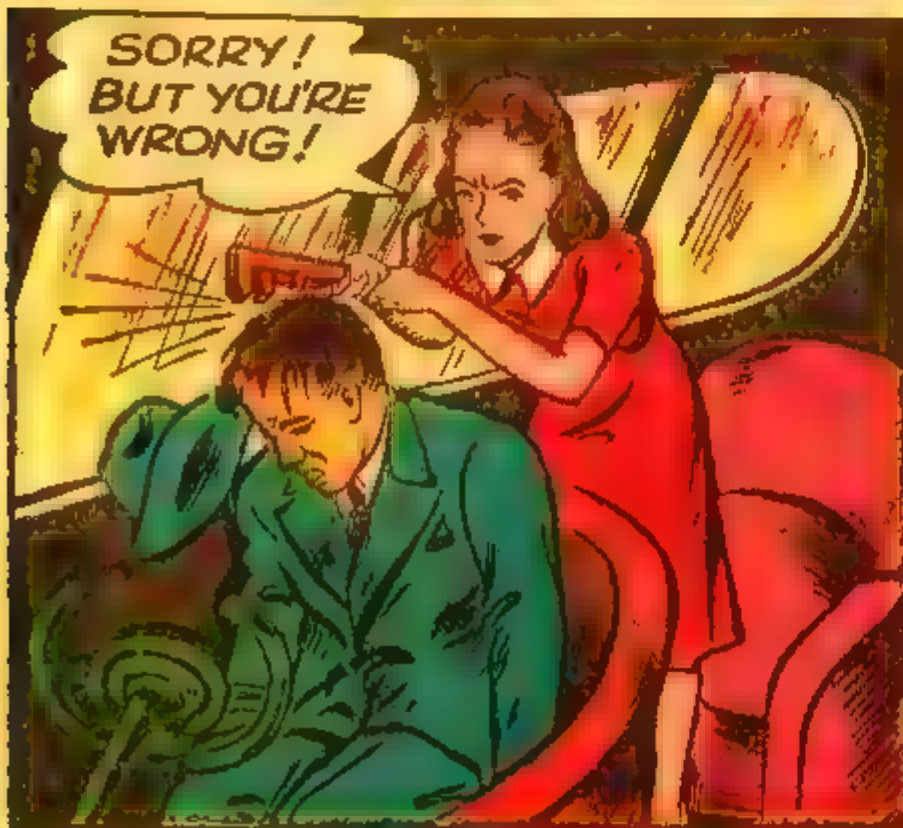
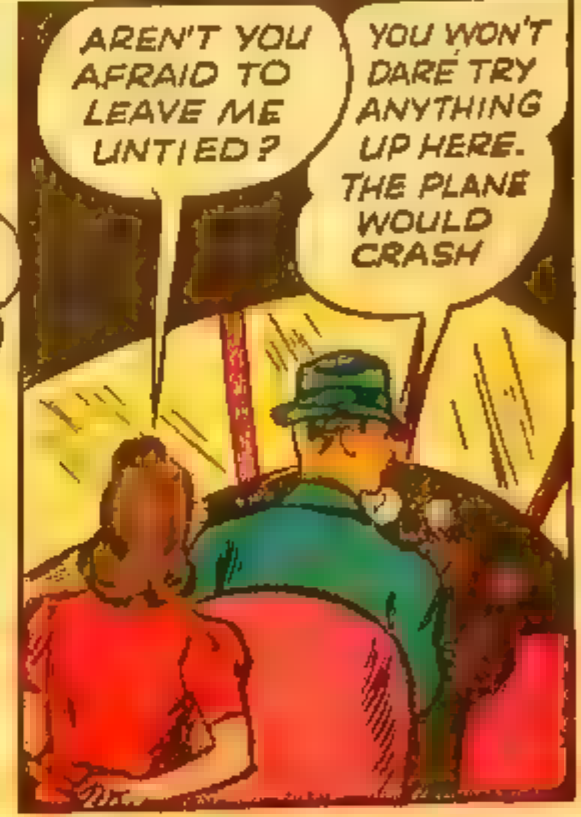
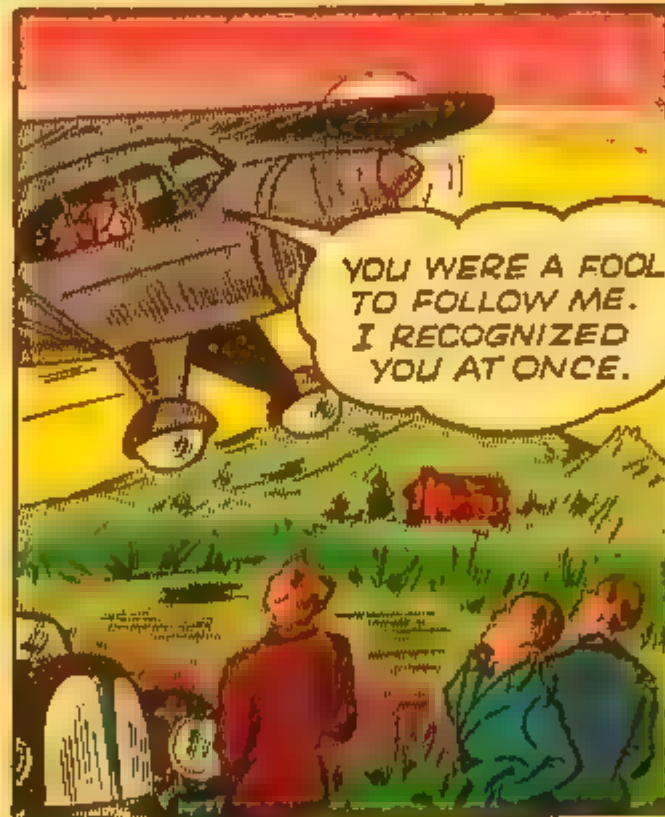
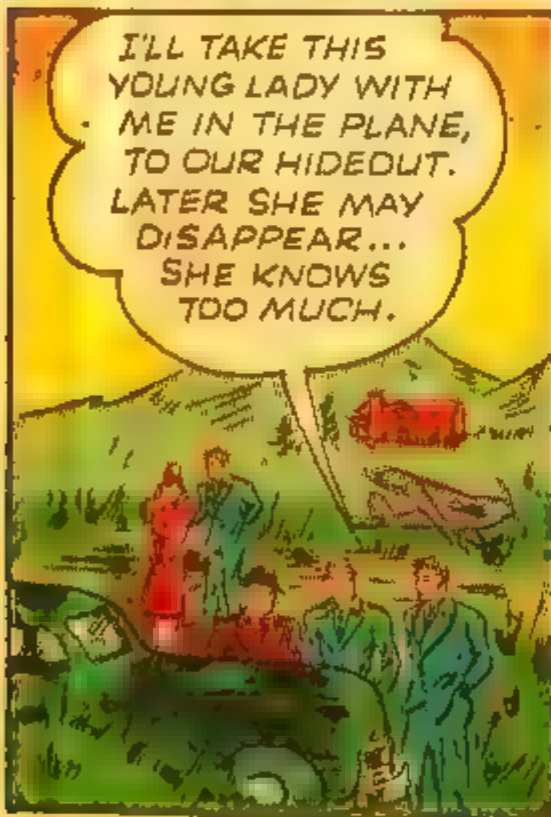
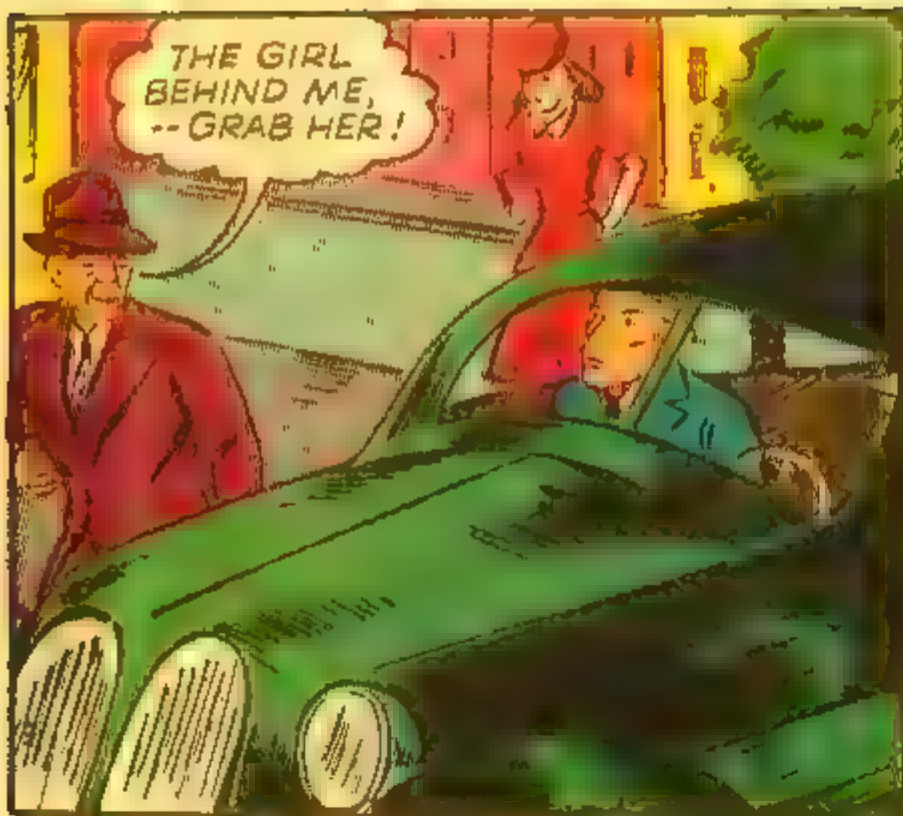
JUST KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN. WE'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IS GOING ON AROUND HERE.

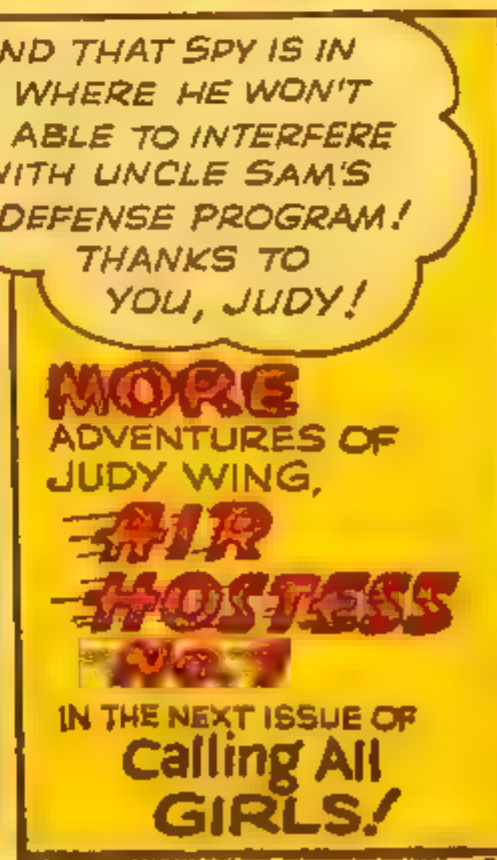
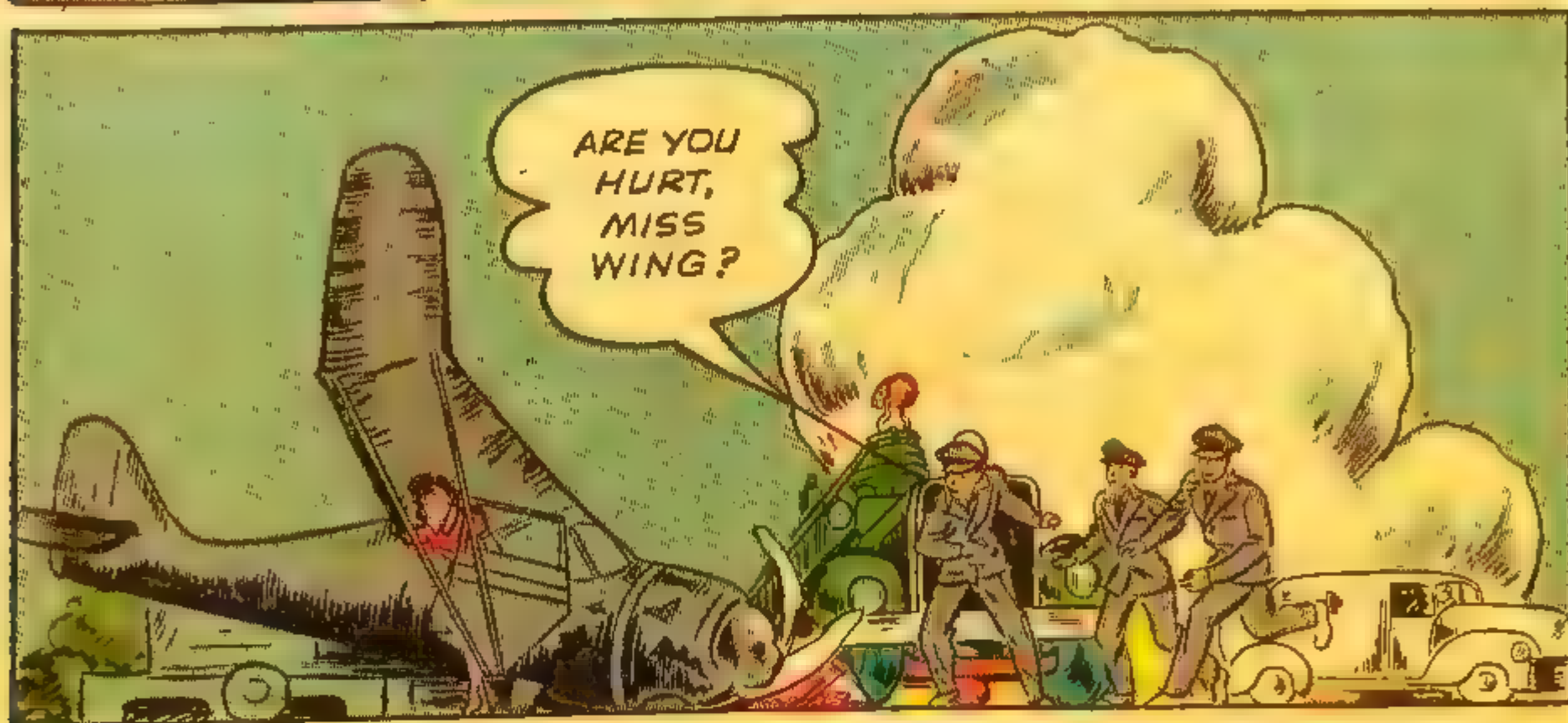
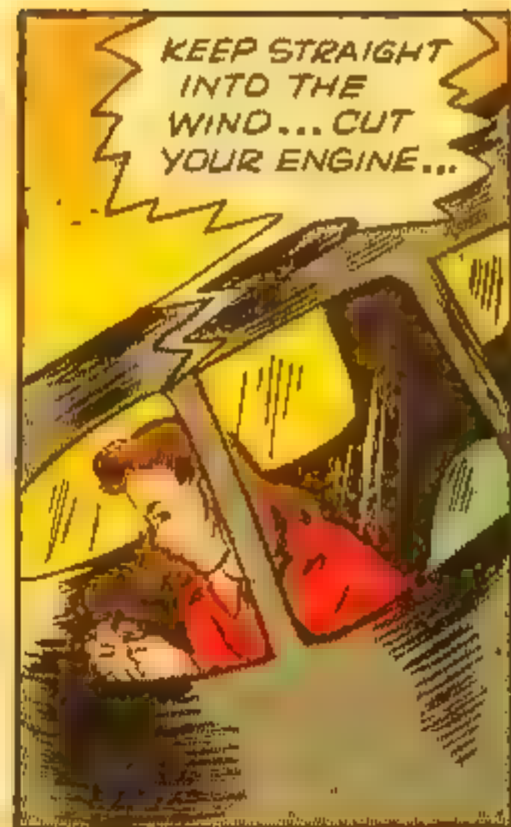
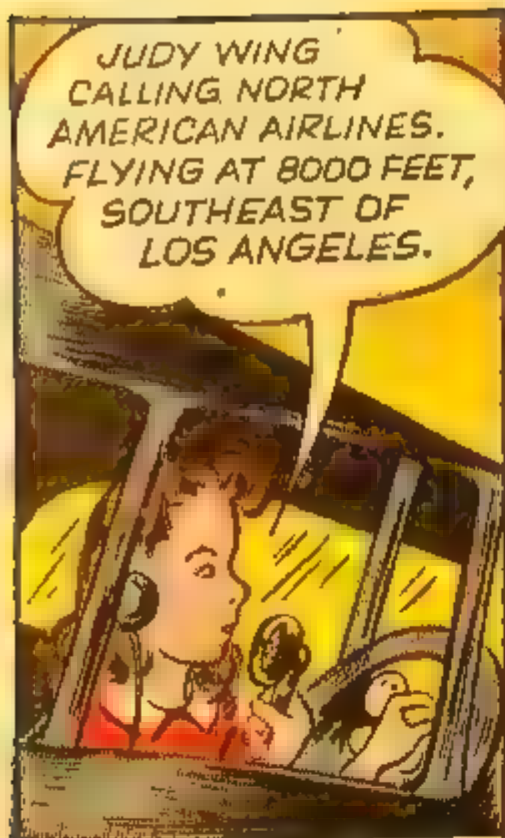














By CECILY BROWNSTONE

You can make them come true! Just reading these recipes
is exciting—trying and tasting them, still better

SATURDAY afternoon and bad weather? An early Sunday night supper and a couple of hours ahead with nothing to do? These are perfect times for Sweet Dreams—the kind you can make, smell, touch, and taste! Yes, we mean the 'sticky rapture' of making candy, from toffee to fudge to butterscotch. To start off beautifully, here's a recipe everyone always enjoys, for it has that real English toffee flavor. Not only that, but one piece of it will last practically forever in a corner of your mouth. The way its luscious caramel liquid rolls right off your tongue and

into your insides—! Besides everything else, this toffee is chewy. So warn your parents not to bite it on their fillings, and watch your own!

English Toffee

3 cups firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup corn syrup
1 can (1 1/2 cups) condensed milk
1/2 teaspoon salt

Mix brown sugar, corn syrup, butter, and salt together in a

heavy saucepan. (The heavy saucepan is important because this candy, like most others, has a tendency to burn.) Stir these ingredients over medium heat until they come to a boil. Boil for ten minutes, stirring all the while. Add condensed milk and cook for twenty minutes, stirring very, very often. Test it now by dropping a little of the mixture in a cup of cold water. It's ready if you can form it into a hard, firm ball. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Pour into buttered square or oblong pan. After it begins to set—that is, to hold a knife crease—mark it off with a sharp

knife, as deeply as you can, in squares or oblongs. When it is cold and hard dump it out of the pan and rap the underside with a knife-handle to break it into pieces. Of course, if you want to sprinkle it with chopped nuts for extra goodness when you put it in the pan, there's no law against that. To pack it for holiday gifts or boxes to Army men, wrap each piece in a square of heavy wax paper and twist the ends. Or get miniature pie-plates and pour the candy into these when it comes from the stove. Then give it away pie-plate and all. Label it English Toffee—Bundles from Britain!

If you yearn to become a really smooth candy-maker aim for a fudge that's soft, creamy, and melts on the tongue. This miracle of sweet achievement is worth a Blue Ribbon at a State Fair! But if you want to take a short-cut to this perfection use a packaged chocolate fudge mix and follow the directions on the box *exactly*. This way you'll produce a fudge that's never too hard or too soft or too sugary. Then when you're having a party try pouring the fudge into a shallow pan so that it is fairly thin. Mark it off in unusually large squares. Let each square cushion a slice of vanilla ice cream. Call them Fudge Ice Cream Slices. They're something!

It may be your parent doesn't always take kindly to the idea of your stirring up a batch of fudge. It may be, too, that one of the main objections is that candy eaten between meals is notorious for dulling the appetite for milk, meat, green vegetables, and potato. If that's the case broadcast the fact that you realize V is for Vitamins as well as for Victory and that you know the main part of a meal supplies a lot of those important A, B, C, D and G's. Then see what you can do by way of introducing candy into the family's diet with these dessert suggestions. Crisp, cold apples, for instance, make a wonderful tasting dessert when bolstered with a plate of succulent penoche. Here's how

to make a fine variety of it.

Penoche

1½ cups brown sugar
½ cup milk or ¼ cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt

Put sugar, milk, and salt in saucepan and cook over low flame, stirring gently, until sugar is dissolved. Boil until the "soft ball" stage—that is until your fingers can form a soft ball of a few drops of the mixture in a cup of cold water. Add butter and vanilla and remove from fire. Cool, without stirring, until candy is lukewarm. Then beat until it begins to turn thick and creamy. Pour into lightly buttered pan. Cut in squares when cold and firm.

Here are a few of the wonderful things you can do with the magic that comes of boiling brown sugar, milk, butter, and flavoring together. You'll probably think of others yourself.

Use penoche for frosting ginger snaps or chocolate wafers. Just before the candy begins to thicken spread it on the cookies. Work fast!

When plain rice or tapioca pudding is slated for dessert suggest making penoche. Then cut some of the candy into tidbits and add to the pudding. Glorifies humdrum desserts beyond recognition!

And prunes. "Plump" them by covering with boiling water for 20 minutes. Then fill to bursting with ready-to-pour penoche. Dates and figs are good stuffed this way too. Elegant is the word.

Do you like to get your teeth into something exceptionally luscious that's also crisp, crackly, and crunchy? If so, the following recipe is for you.

Old-Fashioned Crunch

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
¼ cup molasses
½ cup butter
½ cup chopped peanuts
¼ teaspoon salt

Put the sugar, water, molasses, butter, and salt in a saucepan. Stir often to prevent burning. Boil until the mixture reaches the "hard crack" stage—that means until it forms brittle threads when you put a half teaspoon of the mixture in a cup of cold water. Remove from fire, add peanuts, stirring as little as possible now, and pour quickly into a lightly buttered pan. Work fast because this candy hardens quickly. When cold break in pieces.

If you want to streamline this crunch leave out the nuts and melt one-quarter of a 7-ounce bar of semi-sweet chocolate in a double boiler. Cool a minute and spread chocolate over one side of the candy—leave it in the pan while you are doing this—and sprinkle with ¼ cup finely chopped nuts. When cool break it in pieces.

There's a kind of candy that's wonderful around holiday time because it's made out of all the fruit and nuts you're likely to have around the house then. Plus this, it's both easy and a lot of fun to make. No cooking required, just chopping, kneading, rolling, and dipping! Here's the recipe for this delight:

Lazy Daisies

1 package dates
1 cup Brazil nuts
1 cup figs or prunes
1 cup apricots
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 teaspoon orange rind
granulated sugar

First get your meat chopper ready. Your mother will show you how to put it together and how to take it apart. It's easy to do, once you learn how, and a handy thing to know how to manage. Put the dates, nuts, figs, and apricots through the chopper and place the mixture in a bowl. Add the orange juice and orange rind and knead. Place on baking board and roll with a rolling pin into a square sheet a quarter inch thick. Cut into squares and dip in granulated sugar. Lazy daisies will give you and your friends some pretty sweet times!

Midwinter Movies

By CATHERINE C. EDWARDS



MIDWINTER movies are fairly dripping with youthful stars, so nearly all of your old-young favorites are pictured on these pages. Shirley Temple's comeback in "The Girl on the Hill" is the most thrilling of the current film items, though having Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Virginia Weidler together in "Babes on Broadway" is headline news, too. Then there are the good tidings that Tarzan is back in "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" with Johnny Sheffield, as his son, acting just like Johnny Weissmuller as he swings from trees and calls to his animal friends. Speaking of animals, storybook favorites come to life in "The Jungle Book," and you'll also welcome back Sabu as its star, while a high school girl, Patricia O'Rourke, plays her first film role opposite him. That's something out of real life that outdoes the storybooks!



Sabu and Patricia O'Rourke in Kipling's "The Jungle Book"—in grand color. (U.A.)

(Right) Johnny Sheffield plays Tarzan's son in "Tarzan's Secret Treasure." Tarzan and the Missus are again played by Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. The film ends on such an exciting event that a sequel seems compulsory. (MGM)



1 There's a "show within a show" in "Babes on Broadway" which gives Mickey, Judy, Virginia, and all the other talented characters a chance to display their singing and dancing. (MGM)

2 "Small Town Deb" is Jane Withers' twenty-eighth straight starring movie. How she found time to learn to play the drums we'd never figure out. (Fox)

3 Errol Flynn establishes a record by graduating twice from West Point—once as Jeb Stuart and now in "They Died with Their Boots On," he is George Custer, later General Custer. In both pictures he wins Olivia De Havilland, which is also an enviable record. (Warner)



4 "Mr. Bug Goes to Town," Max Fleischer's feature-length cartoon, tells a thrilling story. You'll be just as anxious for Hoppity to outwit the villain and win lovely Honey Bee as if they were Jimmy Stewart and Deanna Durbin. (Para.)

5 Because her father, Herbert Marshall, neglects her, Shirley Temple amuses herself by visiting Felix Bregart and by daydreaming. Her dreams make beautiful singing and dancing numbers in "The Girl on the Hill." (MGM)

6 Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster, the girl with the remarkable voice, and Darryl Hickman are another trio of youthful stars in "Glamour Boy." There's a good plot—and lots of laughs. (Para.)



Dumbo and his doting mother in Disney's feature, "Dumbo." (RKO)



ICE FASHIONS *double for*



Dear Diary
 Yesterday my gang
 formed a new club,
 called the "Eski Maids"
 and the boys formed a
 club of their own, call-
 ed the "Eski-Mocs."
 Cute? We're going to
 meet every Saturday this winter at
 the rink or on Ski-Top Hill. Most
 of the meeting was spent discussing
 our outfits and are they going to
 be MELLOW! I just can't wait until
 our first party, week from Saturday!



I'M GOING to be all
 set for skating, in-
 doors or out, and for
 skiing, too. My very

professional ski suit and my jumper skating
 dress are of the same Victory Blue gabardine.
 For outdoor skating I'll wear the ski jacket
 over the jumper. Slick track. Aren't my red
 Mop 'Em Gloves and mitten cap adorable?



MARY ELLEN is so good at sewing that
 she's going to make herself a black vel-
 veteen skating suit (Style #3890) and
 a super ski suit of gabardine or poplin
 (Style #3954). She's going to buy some
 Teddy Bear cloth for a jacket bordered
 in red and green felt (Style #3913)
 and yarn for a hooded skating sweater.

For free knitting instructions, send
 stamped addressed envelope to the
 Fashion Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS,
 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



SKATING *and* DATING

BETTY GREEN, FASHION EDITOR



ALL OUR OUTFITS (except numbers 3890, 3954, 3913) are authentic Hi-School Board Fashions, designed by high school gals like ourselves and priced for high school budgets. So are these cute accessories. We'll carry powder, comb, etc., in little felt bags on our belts or in the felt pockets of plaid wool scarfs with matching beanies. We like embroidered cardigan sweaters or Argyle Sloppy Joes. And don't we go for all that gadgety winter sports jewelry!

KAY SELECTED a corduroy jerkin and skating skirt that she can also wear to school. She's going in for bewitchin' bonnet and mitten sets like this laced Lionknit job.



HELEN PLANS to wear her Victory Blue poplin skating dress, with jerkin or jacket of red quilted poplin. We all agree that Kumfortites are sure-fire Anti-freeze for Knees.

For information about where to see fashions in your city write Fashion Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

A GRAY flannel skating skirt and jacket, trimmed à la peasant with appliquéd green leaves, is Sue's choice. Isn't her pigtail cap too, too pixie?

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Flashy Fads

—Our older brothers' pajama tops—the brighter the better—make snappy jitterbug jackets to wear over skirts and dresses.—*Gloria Ferguson, Vancouver, B. C.* Who'd ever think a pair of specs could be glamorous? Well, the girls at school paint the rims of their eyeglasses with nail polish. It's easy to remove so we have different colors every day to match the sweaters we are wearing.—*Ann Boyd, Galion, Ohio.* Do you measure up? If not, better raid the sewing box because a tape measure's the latest thing in hair ribbons!—*Marilyn Cross, Lawton, Mich.*



Chinese Chatter

Perch a pair of perky chopsticks atop your pompadour! And if you have a pair of Chinese pajamas or a coolie jacket to wear at the same time, the effect is extra cute.—*Betty Giddings, Glenwood, Ga.* We make Chinese pigtails out of colored wool. You simply braid the strands and tack them to your beanie cap, then tie a bow at the end.—*Grace Vitale, N. Hollywood, Calif.*



Show Your Colors—The newest trick with chicken wishbones is to

sew felt between both sides of the bone. Paint the wishbone with nail polish, then embroider three dots and a dash on the felt. It makes a gorgeous patriotic lapel pin.—*Nancy Shelby, Windsor, Ont.* The girls at Junior High are wearing borders of buttons or painted shells sewed to the cuffs of their socks. Three rows of tiny buttons—one red, one white, and one blue—look smart with middies.—*Betsy Grafton, La Marque, Tex.*

Snappy Yarns

—Sponge costume jewelry is the rage in our neighborhood. First we chain-stitch colored yarn and cut different colored sponges into cubes. With a bobby pin, two strands of the yarn can be pushed through the rubber cubes. It makes a darling necklace and bracelet—light as a feather, too!—*Thelma Bonner, Bronx, N. Y.* Yarn of different colors strung through a package of colored rubber bands makes gay necklaces and belts to brighten up dull dresses.—*Lois Christopherson, Minneapolis, Minn.* We have a collection of little dolls made of gay-colored yarns. They look adorable on suits, sweaters, and blouses.—*Ann Terrell, Wallingford, Conn.* Pompon roly-polies dress up our beanies, belts, and lapels. To make cute chickens, add pipe cleaner feet.—*Alice Perry, Ottawa, Ont.*



Jitter Jingles—We paint funny faces on walnut shells, tape a pin on the back, and presto, a snazzy lapel pin!—*Emogene Ezell, Eagle Pass, Tex.* Most of my costume



jewelry looked snabby and worn, so I painted the metal with fingernail polish. Marvelous effect!—*Emily Hutto, Dallas, Tex.* Wooden ice-cream spoons strung on yarn make yummy necklaces. Friends autograph the spoons, then we put on a coat of shellac.—*Doris Myers, Detroit, Mich.* You can make simply scrumptious ornaments out of pipe cleaners. They come in all colors and can be twisted easily into red hearts, initials, and animal shapes.—*Wilhelmina Hubb, Lincoln, Neb.* Don't throw away your exhausted old wristwatch. You can make a nifty bracelet. Just take out the insides and insert a picture of your best boy friend.—*Antonia Lewnes, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Flower Fad-shions

—Tiny vases filled with fresh flowers make darling lapel pins. Filled with water, your posies stay fresh the whole day.—*Elaine Davidson, Newark, N. J.* To make flowerpot pins stick small hatpins with colored heads into a painted cork, pin attached to back.—*Lois Virginia Sandell, Alameda, Calif.*



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The GIRL WHO RACED WITH DEATH

BETTY
ZANE

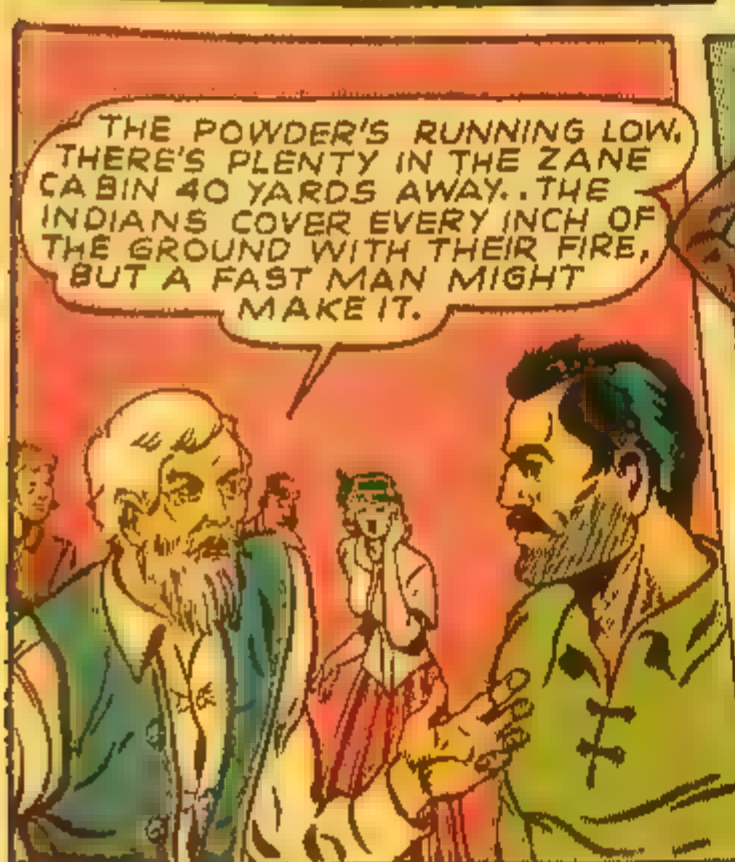
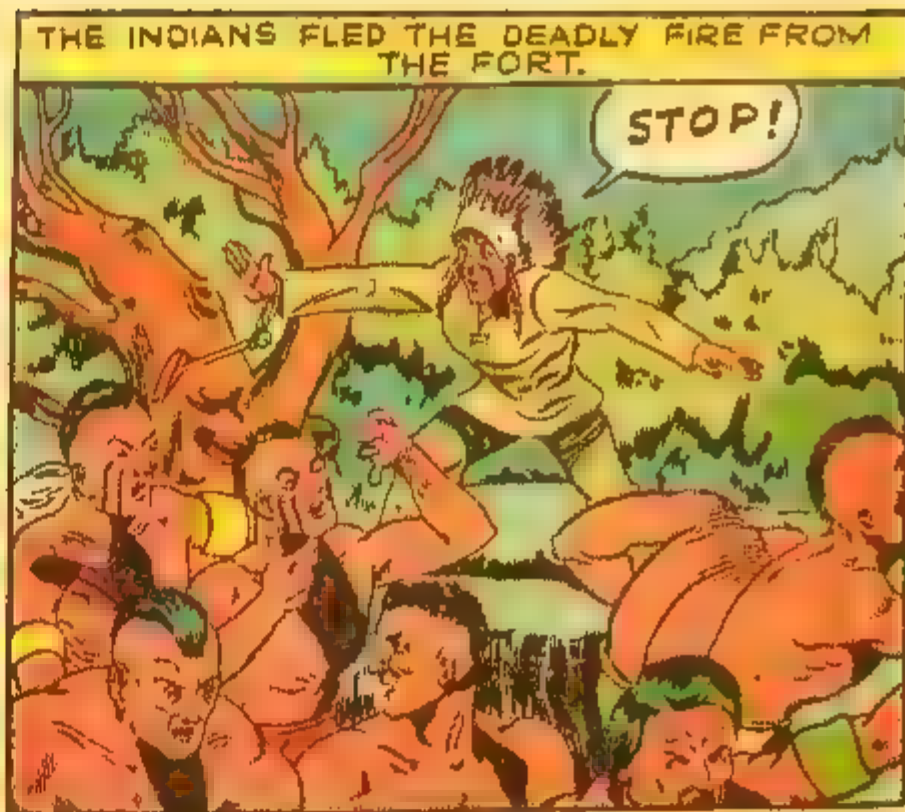
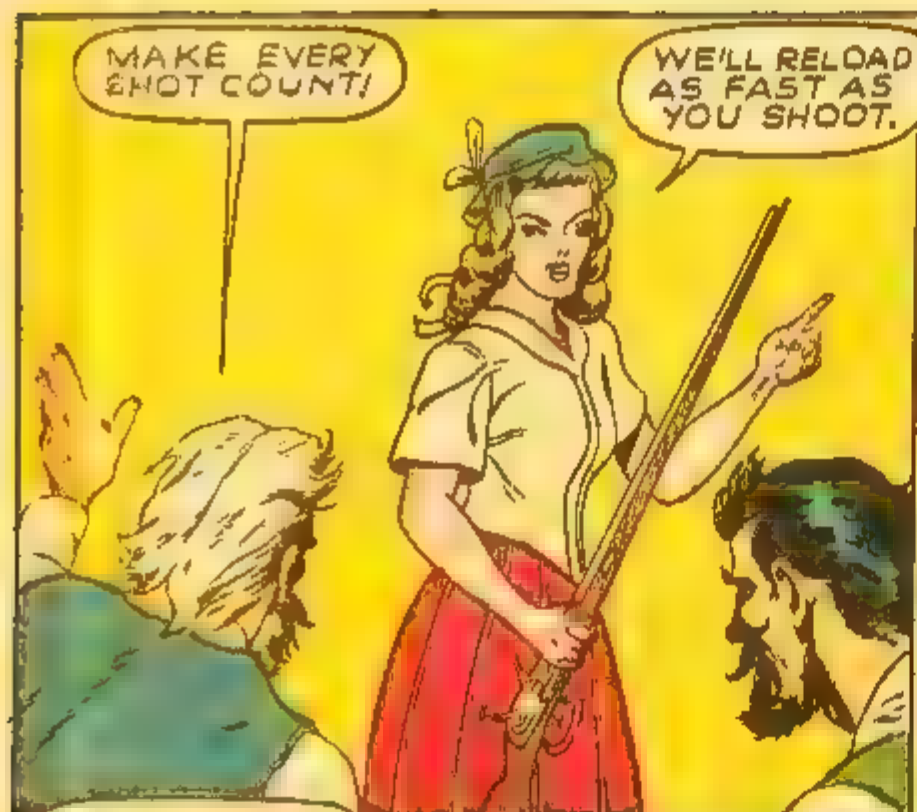


WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA,
STARTED AS A PIONEER
VILLAGE, BUILT LOG BY LOG
BY BETTY'S BROTHER AND
HIS FRIENDS.



INDIANS! TO THE
FORT! HURRY!
GET YOUR
RIFLES!





WE'LL KEEP UP A COVERING
FIRE. NOW, RUN! AND ...
GOOD LUCK!

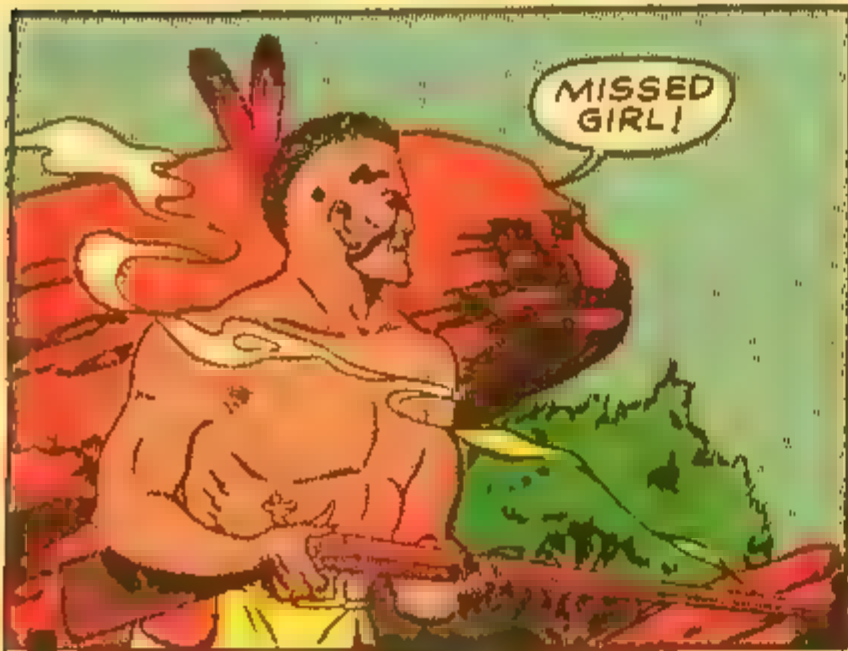


BETTY DASHED FROM
THE FORT.

GO TO IT,
BETTY!



MISSED
GIRL!



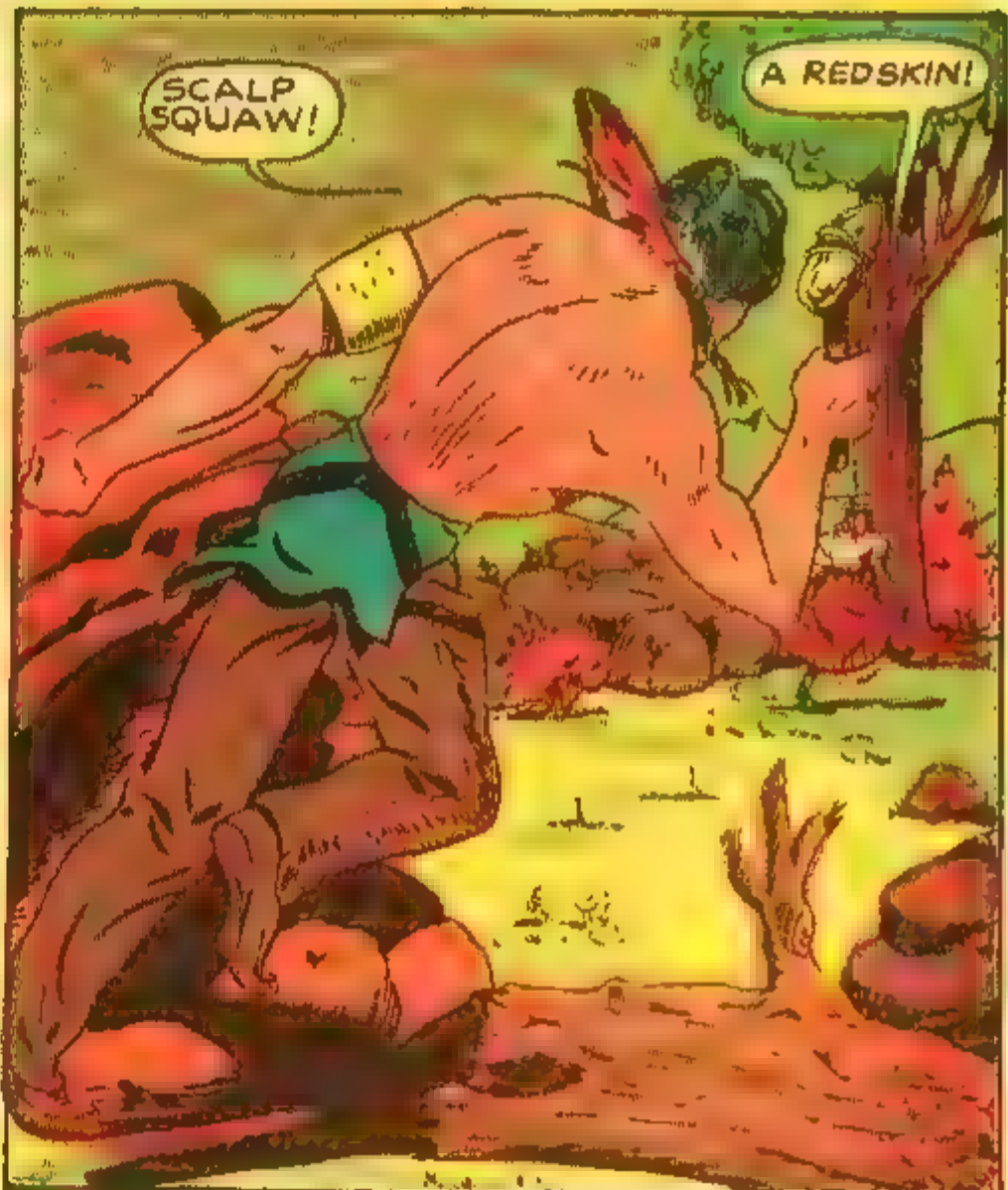
THERE'S THE GUN-
POWDER KEG. HOW
WILL I CARRY IT?
AH.. THIS TABLE
CLOTH WILL DO!

I'D BETTER
HURRY! I HEAR
INDIANS COM-
ING!



SCALP
SQUAW!

A REDSKIN!





STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF CALLING ALL GIRLS, published every other month at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.
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